

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 808—Vol. XXXII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1871.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

## GRANT AND SUMNER: DEFEAT OF SANTO DOMINGO, AND DIS- RUPTION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

"EXPEDIENCY" procured the nomination and election of General Grant to the Presidency of the United States. It was well known that he had no political convictions or experience, and also that he had no commendable record, except that of a successful general—fortunate in reaping where others had sown. He was taken up by the Republican party from the head of the army and made the head of the nation.

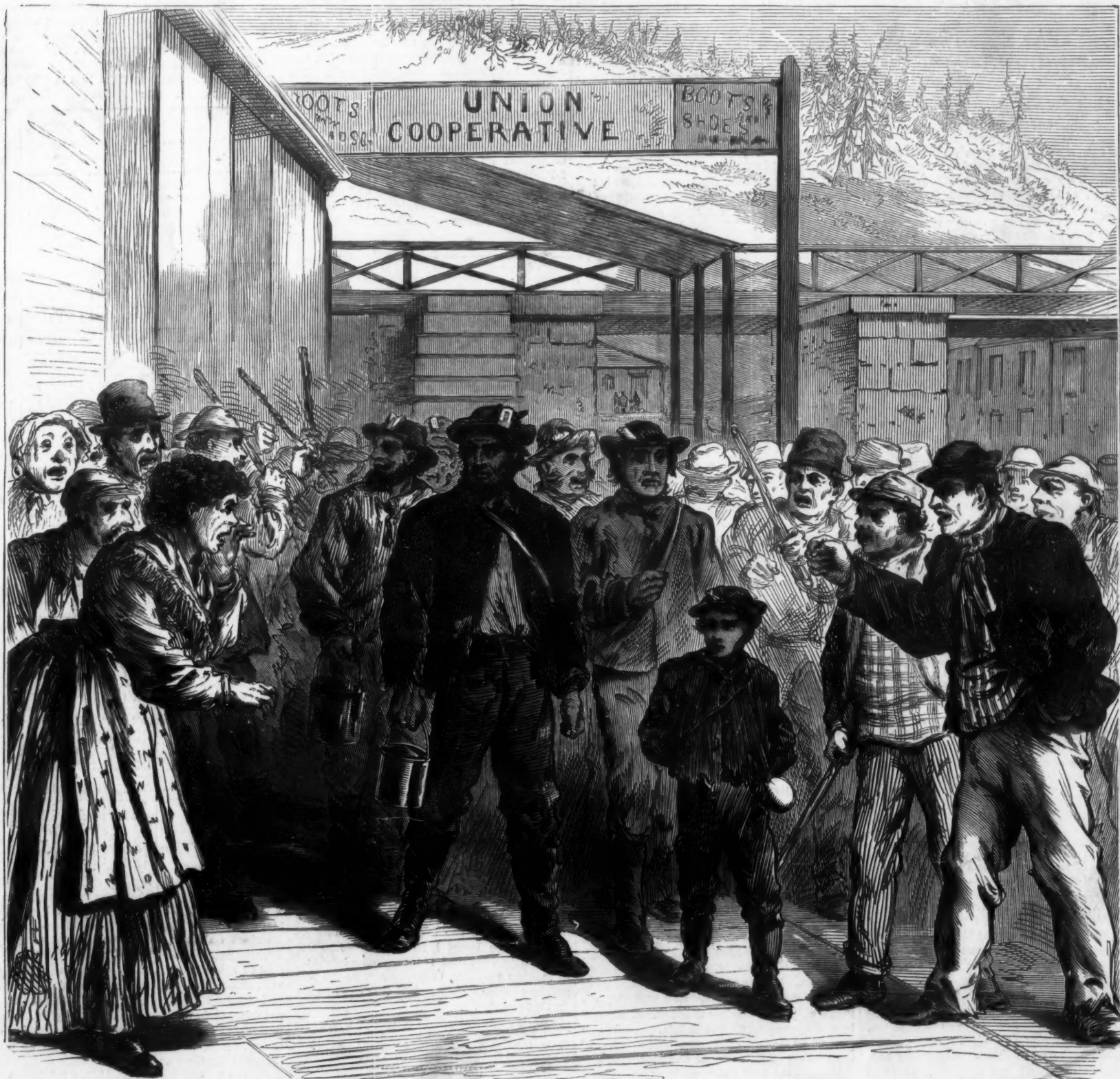
To-day that party is gathering the bitter fruits of its sacrifice to "availability." To-day it is paying the penalty of having elected a soldier when they needed a statesman—an un-instructed, not to say ignorant man, when they required a man of culture and experience—a narrow-minded and obstinate man, when they wanted a man of large ideas and ready to interpret and carry out the wishes of the people, instead of insisting on his own.

General Grant has undertaken to carry out a measure not originating in statesmanship, but among adventurers and camp-fire associates, in no way demanded by public sentiment, in no way essential to the national welfare, dan-

gerous as a precedent and pregnant with evil consequences. He has done this, this creation of the Republican party, in known opposition to the convictions of the founders of that party, its tried and experienced leaders, and he has essayed to carry it out by persuasion, threats, and by violence. He has corrupted the weak and venal, and endeavored to intimidate the independent and upright among his own party. He has interfered by force in the internal affairs of one republic, and made quasi war on another through usurpations that should bring condign impeachment.

His last act is not alone to make war on the acknowledged head and founder of the Repub-

lican party, to which he owes his elevation, but to bring the whole force of Executive power and patronage to drive him from that position in the Senate of the United States, which his long services and large experience entitled him to fill! And this only because that Senator differed from him on a question of great gravity, and on which not one in a thousand of the people of the United States are in accord with the President. That Senator, as was his right and duty, opposed a scheme which he believed to be corrupt in its inception; and he arraigned, more in sorrow than in anger, the proceedings through which the President undertook to



STRIKE AMONG THE COAL-MINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—"BLACKLEGS," OR WORKING OPERATIVES, AT MAHANOT CITY, ROUTED BY THE SOCIETY MEN AND THEIR WIVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 21.



On the 27th of December, 1867, a resolution was passed by the Board of Commissioners, authorizing the organization of a Lyceum and Circulating Library, provided the undertaking could be carried out without expense to



the city. The entire charge of the enterprise was entrusted to Colonel T. Bailey Myers, a member of the Board. He immediately entered on the duties of this appointment; and, aided by a number of the Fire Insurance Companies and by several friends who appreciated the importance of the project, and materially aided, also, by drawing largely on a private collection of his own which he had been for many years accumulating, Colonel Myers has succeeded in getting together a library and various other objects of interest which are creditable to the Department and to the city.

The Library at present contains more than six thousand five hundred volumes; of which more than four thousand have been selected from catalogues and purchased at evening book sales by the Secretary of the Board, Mr. Charles Gildersleeve, who has shown great judgment and discrimination in his selections. The remainder of the Library belongs to Colonel Myers, who has placed the books on its shelves gratuitously, for the use of the members. The books are contained in black walnut cases, with sliding wire doors uniformly and neatly made by the men of the Department.

The walls of the Lyceum, in which the Library is placed, and which is a spacious room in the upper story of the headquarters of the Department, No. 127 Mercer street, are covered with engravings and portraits of distinguished Americans; with maps and views of American subjects, including several old and rare views of New York, and with framed documents and historical autographs. There is also a small cabinet of colonial and continental currency, and a cabinet of minerals. There is the old fire-engine Pocahontas, known to our citizens forty years ago, restored and placed in front of the platform; and there are many of the lanterns, banners, trophies and ornaments of the Department, some dating back to 1780—all so arranged as not to interfere with the free use of the room. Among other ornaments, there is a large cabinet, richly carved in Venice, of about the period of Columbus's voyage of discovery; there is the *fac-simile* of the Shakespeare mural tablet at Stratford, brought to America by the late William Burton; a marble bust of Washington, "at the age of fifty-two"; and there are various pieces of antique furniture, busts, etc.

The Library consists of the most approved works in history, voyages and travels, geography, science, and the better class of fiction. It has been attended with no expense to the city, and it is solely the result of personal enterprise. The average number of volumes taken out by the members is five hundred, monthly.

The Lyceum was formally dedicated on the 27th of December, 1870; on which occasion a large company of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, additionally to a large number of the members. Mr. Hitchman, the President of the Board, presided, and the exercises consisted of an address by Colonel Bailey Myers, and an elaborate, eloquent and exhaustive account of "The Origin and History of the Fire Department of New York," by the Hon. Charles P. Daly, which will soon be published, with the Annual Report of the Department. Judge Daly's address is the most complete compilation ever made of the organized efforts for the suppression of fires, and it goes back to the earliest history of the settlement of the island. It is a valuable addition to our local history.

The exercises of the evening above mentioned were concluded by the presentation of two gold medals—established by James Gordon Bennett as an annual gift to the member who shall have most distinguished himself within the year—one to Captain Gicquel, and the other to Assistant-Foreman Tompkins, for their heroic and humane efforts at saving life in the years 1869 and 1870. The presentation was made by Colonel Myers, James McLean and Robert S. Hone, Trustees of the Bennett Fund. The annual presentation of these medals forms a subject of constant emulation among the men of the force.

#### OUR INDIAN RELATIONS.

WHILE conceding the accomplishment of much good through the recent humane efforts of the Indian Bureau, it is mortifying to be compelled to state that the beneficial results have been accompanied by frauds of the grossest character in some branches of the service superintended by that bureau. It does seem as if the virus of corruption had so contaminated our "Indian Relations," through a long course of misgovernment, that it is almost impossible to eradicate the moral leprosy by any Legislative anti-scorbutics, so long as the present anomalous connection exists between the White and Red races. Dealing with the Indians in widely-scattered localities, where public officers and contractors are far removed from superior official scrutiny, the "fatal facility" with which present officers and contractors run into the ruts of former rascalties, furnishes additional evidence of the necessity of thorough and immediate change in our management, or, rather, mismanagement, of the Indians. We repeat, most emphatically, what we have asserted on several occasions—

that the best interests of both races require that the Indians of all tribes shall be promptly gathered into a few reservations, in a temperate climate, where they can be guarded and managed more effectually, and encouraged to conform to the habits of white men, by the acquisition and improvement of farms—much as the Cherokees, Choctaws, and other tribes, have been successfully gathered in the region styled the "Indian Territory," which is now so far civilized as to be organizing for admission into our political system under our Territorial laws.

As a specimen brick from this great edifice of corruption, take a single one of the latest presentments made by Mr. William Welsh, in addition to the dark array of testimony with which he and others had previously furnished the Indian Investigation Commission:

"You ask me," says he, "if my statements of improvidence, or something worse, in the Indian Department, are fully sustained by the books and vouchers. A deliberate examination has revealed facts even worse than my statements; but, as the Investigating Committee will, in due season, report thereon, I do not feel free to state anything beyond a few indisputable facts taken from the official records. One million and thirty-one thousand dollars were paid to one favored contractor within a few months. All but \$96,000 of this sum was on very private contracts; \$179,000 of it was paid for freights up the Missouri, at from 85 per cent. to 300 per cent. above the rate at which the Quartermaster of the Army had effected a contract to take all the Indian goods. The profit on the money paid this contractor must have exceeded \$400,000, and it does not appear that he assumed any risk. On the 10th of August last, he was authorized by Commissioner Parker to pick up 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 pounds of flour, without limit as to price. Most of it was purchased at \$2.20 a hundred, while the Government paid for it \$3.50 a hundred. If it had been bought in August, it could have been shipped to Grand River under the Quartermaster contract at \$1.60 per 100 pounds; but, under the private bargain, the freight was \$6 per 100 pounds. The Texas cattle, bought privately on June 17th and August 10th, were paid for at six cents per pound, immediately on their arrival at the reservations; while the same contractor, after proper competition, united with others in furnishing still better cattle at 3 88-100 cents per pound, taking all risks of keeping through the winter."

The disclosures now being made, showing such rascality among contractors, evidently by collusion with some of the public officers, must have a powerful effect in stimulating thorough and immediate change in our relations with the Indians; and in that view of the case, the enormity of the evils may indirectly produce a favorable effect on a long-diseased portion of our political system.

MR. WENDALL PHILLIPS, in a recent lecture, thus forcibly illustrates that military system which has made Germany so great, and which all other European States must adopt, in order to hold their own against the new Colossus:

"Germany takes three adult years out of every man's life, merely to make him a soldier. Fifteen million of people have given three years. Forty-five millions of wasted years wherein a man has neither planted nor sown, to leave a mortgage on his fellows. That is, to make the Prussian army now a nation able to dictate to Europe at the point of the sword. And, if England is ever to maintain her place, she, too, must adopt the system. And so must France; and if you live, you will see 100,000,000 of wasted years in Europe—wasted in the mere preparation for battle."

THE question of killing deadly snakes at Government expense in India is again under discussion. The Government is losing its subjects at the rate of above a hundred a day, or 40,000 a year by snake bites, but it fears losing rupees in the crippled state of its treasury. In the Bancorah district, one of the smallest portions of the Burdwan division, deadly snakes were brought in at the rate of 1,200 a day; and although the scale was only from six to twelve cents apiece, in a couple of months \$50,000 was drawn out of the treasury, and the Government ordered the snake crusade to be stopped.

SCIENCE has derived many wrinkles from the siege of Paris, and we now learn that during hostilities all the galleries of the Louvre were filled with sacks of earth to protect the interior from shells; the damp and comparative warmth provoked active vegetation, so that the bags were covered with grass and weeds; each window being converted into a lively and promising garden.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

**Inside Paris.—A Fourth Story in the Boulevard Port-Royal—Fort Montrouge—Raid on Provision Dealers—Attack on the Hotel de Ville, by Insurgents.**

The Boulevard Port Royal, which faces the Val de Grâce, is situated in one of the southern quarters of Paris, and came in for a large share of shells during the late bombardment. Many of the houses were riddled through and through, and scenes similar to those depicted in our sketch were, unfortunately, only too common. Few things bring the horrors of a bombardment so forcibly forward as such incidents as these. A peaceful dining-room was suddenly struck by that fearful messenger of war, a Krupp shell. Entering by the ceiling, the bomb exploded in the opposite corner, curiously enough, in the china cupboard, smashing every breakable thing in the room (amongst which happened to be a bust of Napoleon III.) by the shock. The bottom of the projectile, which weighed about twenty pounds, was blown through the room beneath, and finally buried itself in the floor of a lower story.

Fort Montrouge, which is situated on the southern side of Paris, was especially distinguished during the siege by the steady fire which its brave defenders, the sailors of the frigate *Louis XIV.*, kept up in spite of the heavy bombardment of the Prussians. The fort was armed with forty-three guns, and the sailors were commanded by four experienced naval captains, of whom three were killed by the shells of the enemy, while the fourth shot himself with a revolver in a fit of rage and despair at having to surrender the fort. Although more than 12,000 shells, many of which weighed over 137 kilogrammes (3¼ cwts.) were poured into the fort, the building incurred but little material damage. Such men as these naturally were unwilling to give up their ship (as they termed it) without resistance, and at one time it seemed as though some serious difficulty might arise, so determinedly did they refuse to quit the place. A compromise was at last effected; the sailors left the fort in the hands of the Mobles, who, in their turn, surrendered it to the Prussians.

After the arrival of the first load of provisions and vegetables from the neighboring market-gardens, a party of desperadoes made an attempt to forcibly seize the entire quantity. They were resisted by the soldiery, and a fierce riot prevented. Subsequent arrivals were received with great delight, and the people behaved in an orderly manner.

On Saturday evening, January 21st, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, was visited by a tumultuous crowd, who assembled to show their exasperation at the failure of the great sortie beyond Mont Valérien. They examined the place closely, and, after indulging in riotous speeches, retired, only to meet with increased forces on the following day. About noon they drew up in front of the building, and commenced loading their rifles. A desperate attack was soon after made from the street and roofs of adjoining buildings, the fire being returned by the strong force of Breton Mobles posted within. Attempts to force open the gates being repelled, and the insurgents, seeing they could gain nothing, finally retired, leaving many dead and wounded comrades in the vicinity.

#### France.—Taking Toll at the Sevrès Barricade.

In our last number a view was given of the starving French, who flocked about the Sevrès Ferry to receive food. Close by was a strong barricade, erected by the French before the surrender, and for some days after the Prussian occupation no persons were permitted to pass this point. More recently, matters took a different course, and now, though toll is exacted by the German guards, it is a decidedly one-sided affair. The peasant-girls who desire to pass to the suburbs, for food or other purposes, are stopped and asked to show their certificates, when they turn the head, protrude a pair of juicy lips, which are stamped by the gallant guards, and the countersign being thus given, no further delays occur until the return, when the open sesame is again exacted.

#### France.—Meeting of the French National Assembly, Bordeaux.

The sittings of the French National Assembly, at Bordeaux, on the first days, were held in the saloon of the Grand Theatre. This large and handsome building is situated in the Place de la Comédie, upon which debouch seven streets, five of these being the most important and frequented in Bordeaux. Close to that square, and partly visible from it, is the Quinconce, a large open quadrangle, traversed by four rows of lamps, with side-alleys of trees, upon which many thousand troops can parade, with room left for still more thousands of spectators. A strong guard of infantry, cavalry and artillery was posted about the building, the former taking station on the three sides of the steps, up which the members passed.

#### France.—The Surrender of Bourbaki's Army on the Swiss Frontier.

For several days previous to its surrender, the army of General Bourbaki was camped at Travers, in the Canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, watched by a large Prussian army over the line. Our view shows the infantry passing the temporary headquarters of the Prussians on the frontier, in doing which each soldier threw his gun to the ground, and passed to the rear as a prisoner of war. Many of the men displayed ill-humor at the necessity of acknowledging defeat, but the majority wisely accepted the situation, and thus brought to a close a series of strategic movements that reflected credit on the experienced officers who led them.

#### England.—Testing a 35-Ton Gun at Woolwich.

The late American war brought the attention of foreign nations to the subject of ordnance; and at its close European arsenals were overhauled and foundries made lively with the manufacture of cannon of greater size, calibre, and durability than those in previous use. This movement has been seen particularly in the English navy, and in addition to its new accessories, it now has a 35-ton gun, with prospects of three more for its new monitors. The total length of the gun is 15 feet 9 inches, its diameter at the breech end is 4 feet 8 inches, its calibre is 11.6 inches. There are nine grooves 1½ inches wide, 2-10 inch deep, and with corners rounded off. The pitch of the rifling increases from 0 at the breech to one turn in 35 calibres (400 inches) at the muzzle. The projectiles are fitted with two rows of brass studs to suit the grooves, and are ogival-headed or "Gothic" in outline, but those used for proof have flat heads, that they may not penetrate too far into the butt. It was recently tested at the Arsenal, Woolwich, England, and the Royal Engineers were greatly pleased with the conduct of their monster pet.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ONCE A WEEK," the Young Lady's Own Journal, will, we imagine, be eagerly looked for "once a week" by every "young lady" who has seen its first three numbers. It is an elegant little publication, and its contents are varied and interesting, embracing capitally-written original tales, romances and stories, charming little poems, excellent essays, family matters, recipes, and various other well-considered matter, forming an ensemble admirably adapted for families, characterized, as it is, by the best taste and the utmost discrimination in the selection of its *matériel*. The Press has received the young stranger with distinguished courtesy, and in the chorus of "welcome" there has not been a single dissentient voice. We predicate that this pleasant little periodical will soon be a household word in numberless homes throughout the country.

**THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR IN A NUTSHELL.** A Daily Diary of Diplomacy, Battles, and War Literature. With Eighteen Portraits and Fourteen Maps from official French and Prussian Field Surveys. By MAXVILLE D. LONDON. 12mo., pp. 430. New York: G. W. Carleton.

This, as it is the first, is in many respects the best *résumé* that appears or will appear of the greatest struggle of European history. Mr. Landon writes with admirable perspicuity, and with a general accuracy quite remarkable, when we consider the recent occurrence of the events noted, and the conflicts—only less great than those of the hostile armies—of telegraphic news dispatches. Another singular and unexpected advantage of the book is that it is not

dull; on the contrary, the inevitable drolleries and contrasts of French-Prussian incongruity are seized upon from time to time with a ready and racy pen. For the method of attack used by Mr. Landon toward his subject, we merely say that he begins with the origin of the difficulty, the vacation of the Spanish throne by Isabella, and the selection of Leopold of Hohenzollern by Germany as a substitute. The declaration of war by France, with a synopsis of the Gallic field and naval power, another of the Prussian forces, begins the tale with a Homeric fullness of enumeration. Then follow clear and telling accounts of the actions of Saarbrück, Woerth, Sedan, and the sieges of Metz, Strasbourg and Paris. The crowding events of the fall and winter are finally recounted, the Paris surrender of January 28th is noted, and the work is closed with a sagacious argument on the inherent corruptions of the Empire, precipitating its shame. We shall lay by the book so quickly prepared by Mr. Landon, as one of the handiest and most succinct chronicles of the war that we could well imagine or expect; it will save us the troublesome consultation of many hundreds of newspapers, and the active employment to which we intend to put it will be limited, we feel confident, by many thousands of reading and thoughtful people throughout the land.

#### ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The last volume of one of the most valuable of modern compilations. Though confined to British and American authors, seventeen years elapsed between the commencement and completion of the work. It has already taken its place, with literary men, both in England and America, among their most valued books of reference, and this place it will be likely to retain without a rival, the enormous labor involved in its preparation precluding the likelihood of another such work being undertaken before another generation of authors have lived and died.

#### BOOKS AND READING. By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

In the multiplicity of books in the present day, it is of the utmost importance to young men, especially to those who have little leisure to make such a choice, and adopt such a course of reading, as will enable them to avoid what is worthless, and give their time only to what is really valuable. For this purpose, probably no better work than this of Professor Porter's has yet appeared.

#### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM CHAS. SCRIBNER & CO.: Another volume of "The Illustrated Library of Wonders," "Wonderful Escapes," from the French of F. Bernard, and the third volume of "Chips from a German Work-shop."

FROM CARLETON: "Out of the Foam," by John Esten Cooke; "Crown Jewels; or, The Dream of an Empire," by Emma L. Moffett; "Life and Death," and "French Love Songs."

FROM T. B. PETERSON & CO.: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and "Master Humphrey's Clock," in one volume; and "Mad Monkton," and "After Dark," by Wilkie Collins.

FROM E. P. DUTTON & CO.: "Shiloh; or, Without and Within," by W. L. M. Jay.

FROM HURD & HOUGHTON: "A Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," by Clara Erskine Clement.

FROM J. S. REDFIELD: "The Lovers' Library; or, Tales of Sentiment and Passion."

FROM E. STEIGER: The first number of Vol. IV. of "The Workshop," full of illustrations in ornamentation.

FROM VIRTUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of "The Art Journal."

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mlle. JANASCHKEK appears in Washington on the 20th of March, and Joseph Jefferson on the 10th of April.

LINGARD the mime has succeeded Laura Keane on Lina Edwin's charming parlor stage—and packed the house.

Mrs. DION BOUGICAULT (Agnes Robertson), is coming to America in April, and will play at a later date in New York, in a new play by her husband, entitled "Emé."

THE *Musical Bulletin* for March is a capital number—brimful of original literary matter, and with plenty of original music—both excellent. This old established and handsome musical monthly is one of the best of its class.

MISS MARIE KREBS has won golden opinions, from all sorts of people, by her admirable performance of classical piano-forte music, at her own *matinées* and elsewhere, and takes rank among the very first pianists of the day.

WEHLI has been delighting the *dilettanti* of Boston, during the past week, and from all we read, is as greatly esteemed there as in New York—a great feather in his musical cap, for few artists are happy enough to please both places.

MARIE SEEBACH's engagement at the Stadt Theatre, New York, closed on the 11th. The most noticeable feature of the closing week was her appearance in Mosenthal's drama of "Isabella Orsini," in which she was highly successful.

MR. GYE has engaged Madame Parepa-Rosa for the London season of Italian opera, beginning at the end of March. This engagement will not interfere with her American campaign in the autumn, as the London season closes about the end of July.

SIGNOR RANDOLFI is quietly winning for himself a reputation as a first-class, conscientious and zealous artist. His popularity is steadily increasing, and his recent successes at Wehl's and Miss Krebs's *matinées* were real and thorough. His genius is dramatic, and his magnificent baritone should be devoted to opera.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" has succeeded "Richelleu" at Booth's Theatre, Mr. Edwin Booth representing *Benedick*, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, *Don Pedro*, Mr. McKivker—father of Mrs. Booth—*Dogberry*, and Miss Pateman, *Beatrice*. Like its predecessor, the comedy is mounted in a rich style, and its intervals agreeably filled by the orchestra.

ALBERTO LAWRENCE's trumpet-toned and exceptional baritone voice is doing him good service in this country. His engagements are plentiful, here, there and everywhere, and popularity and prosperity are crowning the efforts of one of the best artists who ever descended upon our shores. As *Watson's Art Journal* says, he will soon become a necessity of our Concert Rooms.

THERE will be a celebration of Shakespeare's birthday on the 23d of April, at Booth's Theatre, when it is the intention of the management to produce the long promised "Winter's Tale," with Mark Smith as *Autolycus*. The scenery for the production is to be of the most elaborate character, and the scenic artists have been hard at work for a long time making the necessary preparations.

For three mortal months of nights and *matinées* has Bob Sackett (in the person of Mr. James Lewis) flirted, prattled, sparkled, pic-nic'd, Saratoga'd and made merry, in the "glittering generality" called "Saratoga," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; and, from all appearances, he seems capable of continuing this brilliant labor, or, if Mr. Daly's patrons tire of the play—both events, likely enough, to be postponed till the Greek Kalends.



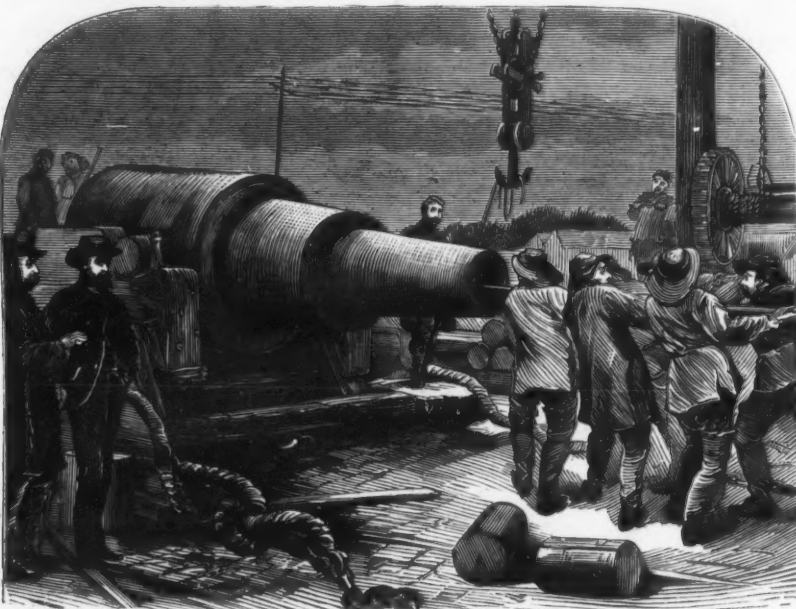
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



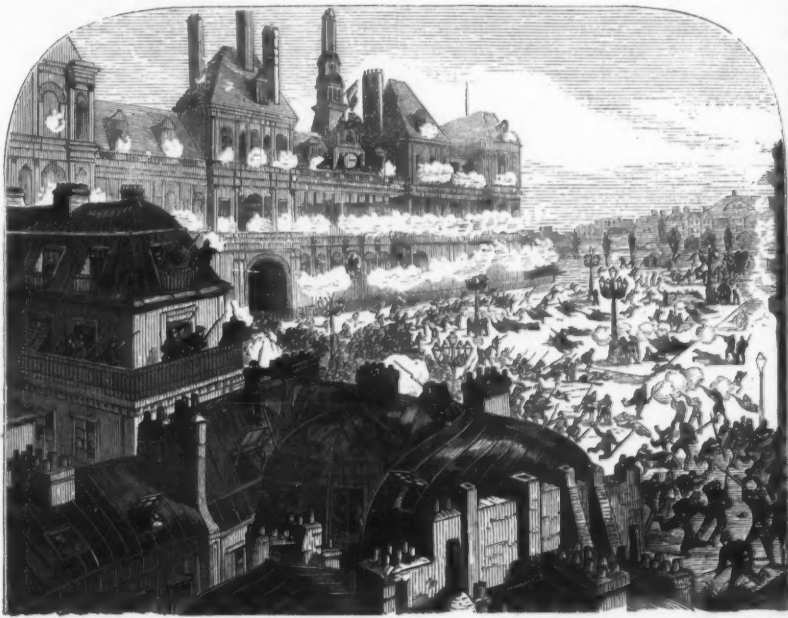
BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—A BUST OF THE EMPEROR, AND OTHER HOLLOW WARE, SHATTERED BY A KRUPP SHELL IN A FOURTH-STORY ROOM, BOULEVARD PORT-ROYAL.



FRANCE.—MEETING OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT BORDEAUX.



ENGLAND.—TESTING A 35-TON GUN AT WOOLWICH BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.



PARIS.—ATTACK ON THE HOTEL DE VILLE BY THE RED REPUBLICAN INSURGENTS; JANUARY 22D.



PARIS.—A RAID ON THE FIRST LOAD OF VEGETABLES AND OTHER PROVISIONS BROUGHT INTO THE HALLES CENTRALES.



ENVIRONS OF PARIS.—TOLL-TAKING BY THE PRUSSIAN GARRISON AT THE BARRICADES OF SEVRES.



THE SWISS FRONTIER.—SURRENDER OF THE TROOPS COMMANDED BY GENERAL BOURBAKI.



PARIS.—THE DEFENDERS OF FORT MONTROUGE, SAILORS FROM THE FRIGATE "LOUIS XIV.," REFUSING TO EVACUATE.



## RECEPTIONS

## AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY, WASHINGTON.

Of all the receptions at Washington, the invitations to none are more anxiously competed for than those of Madame Catacazy, the magnificent and noble Russian Ambassadress. The queenly beauty of this lady is well translated in our engraved portrait, but her charm of manner and delicate courtesy escape the art of the designer, and must be imagined or—if the reader is one of the lucky guests—remembered. Our scene at the Ministerial residence, when Count and Madame Catacazy extend the courtesies of their mansion to the best society of the capital, is prepared with great care and skill by our artist kept in Washington during the gay season. The saloon, to the minutest particulars of its ornament, is a strict study of what is really one of the finest rooms in Washington, and even the costumes of the Ambassadress and of Mrs. General Negley, whom she is represented as welcoming, are carefully sketched from the actualities.

Besides these At Homes, which are in the afternoon, the dinners given by Madame Catacazy are highly appreciated. Banquets à la Russe are world-wide in their reputation, but how they are managed and in what they differ from other state dinners is not generally made public. All fashionable dinners nowadays are called dinners à la Russe, but all differ more or less from the genuine ambassadorial exponents of the style so named. All have the dinner served in courses, and fruit and flowers ornamenting the table are ready when the guests appear. Seats are assigned each guest by the host, who has prearranged the order in which places shall be taken. The host escorts the lady of greatest rank; the lady of the house is escorted by the first gentleman present. Nothing appears on the table but the finest of table furniture, the damask heavy and of beautiful design, the napkins matching in texture, design, and almost in size. These napkins are folded across the lap and thoroughly protect every one from spots of grease, etc. The



OLGA, COUNTESS OF CATACAZY, WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM RUSSIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

glass and china are exquisite, and the monogram O. C. (Olga Catacazy) appears on each piece. A goblet for water and from three glasses to three times that number are beside each plate. Every guest has each dish handed to him or her to help him or herself, and is expected even to carve sometimes. This quite terrifies most American women, and then the host comes to her rescue; but the noble lady sitting opposite to him is qualified for her position as hostess, and helps herself from the most difficult dishes with ease.

## A SCENE

## IN THE HALL OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

DURING the sessions of the British Parliament, the large and beautifully-finished hall connecting the Houses of Lords and Commons is the locality of debates as exciting as those conducted in each branch of that high body. This is the scene of the Lobbyist's labors; and here members promenade, and test each other's humor for the important measures to be introduced soon after.

The Lords mingle with the Commons, and at times the most distinguished of England's legislators may be seen lounging over the marble floor, while awaiting the opening of their respective houses. After sessions that have been prolonged far beyond the usual sitting, and marked with stormy debates, the members rush into this hall, and continue, on many occasions, remarks ruled out of order in the regular discussion. In our picture, Disraeli, solemn and thoughtful, paces along with a friend; while John Bright, and other well-known members, are seen scattered about the apartment, all in serious converse.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE COAL EXCITEMENT.

MAHANOTY CITY, Pa., has for several years past been the rendezvous of miners on the strike for higher wages. On the arrival of the principal mail trains a crowd of several thousand persons will assemble at the post-office, and await the delivery of



LONDON.—THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION—SCENE AFTER AN IMPORTANT DEBATE, IN THE HALL BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HOUSE OF LORDS.



letters and papers. During the recent trouble at the mines this city was, as usual, the scene of intense excitement. Our illustration represents an incident of daily occurrence. A party of miners, who were content to work for the established price, were kept in employment, while the dissatisfied ones "knocked off" until their employers would agree to honor a higher schedule of pay. The workmen returned from the mines daily at about five o'clock, and as they passed along the principal thoroughfare the strikers ranged themselves on either side, and hooted their old companions as they hurried through the lines. Women and children joined in the taunts, and although great indignation was exhibited, the strikers wisely refrained from an attack on the steady miners.

#### THE LAME OLD HUNTSMAN BY HIS FIRESIDE.

I HEAR the echoing sound,  
That stirred my blood in the bygone years,  
When the ringing music filled my ears,  
And made my pulses bound.

In a gray November's morn,  
When the mists are rolling up the hills,  
One cheery note my memory fills—  
The note of my old horn.

And there it hangs on the wall;  
Fetch it right down to my hand, my boy;  
You think it is but an old man's toy—  
As good as your bat and ball.

The sport it brings to my mind!  
I'll wind it now with my aged breath,  
As I used to wind it at the Death,  
When the Field were far behind!

What a rattling run we had,  
When we found in the covert by the Down;  
And then ran him through the market town,  
Till the folks all thought us mad.

And then, again in the Vale,  
When we galloped away from Holnest Pound,  
To Forest Oaks, where he went to ground,  
Just under the broken rail.

Hark, hullo! I hear them now—  
They have headed him down by the Brook;  
Lucky for those that went to look—  
There he goes, over the brow!

Tally-ho! For'ard! Away!  
Over the double, and over the plow;  
Steady, my beauties! you'll have him now—  
We're sure of his brush to-day!

But it rouses me up too much—  
Come hither, my boy, and hang up the horn  
By the spurs; that I ever was born  
To hobble about with a crutch!

'Tis something to sit, and to think;  
To be thankful for joys that are past;  
To look forward to those that will last;  
And the present is only a link.

I shall hear the who-whoop! some day,  
And I must be in then at the Death;  
One more "Tally-ho!" with my feeble  
breath,  
And I shall be "Gone away!"

#### FAITHFUL AND FIRM.

##### CHAPTER I.

"HAVE you heard of the frightful accident which happened at Dumpton Station last night, or, rather, I should say, early this morning?" said Mrs. Romaine to her husband.

"No. What is it, and how did it happen?" "The mail train ran into a luggage train, and there are I do not know how many persons killed and wounded. Dr. Cranston has been up all night attending the sufferers."

"There must be some mistake, I think, for I saw Cranston go by just now, and he would surely have called and told us of it, had such a dreadful occurrence really happened; but I will go and inquire."

Soon after Mr. Romaine had left the house, Dr. Cranston hurried into the room out of breath. He held out his hand to Mrs. Romaine, who pretended not to see it, as she sometimes did, when she "owed the doctor one." At this the doctor was in no way disconcerted, being well accustomed to Mrs. Romaine's manner, but plunged at once headlong into the errand which had brought him in such hot haste and at such an early hour to the Rectory.

"Dare say you have heard all about it; ten killed, many more hurt; little baby saved—all my children's things too big; please lend us some of yours, and please to make haste, for the poor child's clothes are covered with its mother's blood. It is no beggar's brat; the mother, though dreadfully mangled, was evidently a lady; but let me have the things—the doctor sent for them."

Mrs. Romaine rang the bell, and told the servant to bring the little garments required; and while the doctor was waiting for them, he gave her a more detailed account of the accident than she had yet heard.

It was indeed a lamentable sight which the small waiting-room of the Dumpton Station presented that morning. There lay ten dead bodies, in all their ghastliness—ten dead bodies, which not many hours ago "had lived, and moved, and had their being." There was one amongst the number, the corpse of a young female, evidently of a higher class, for her clothes, though now soiled, stained with blood, and torn in several places, were of rich materials and fashionably made. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, but whether she had been handsome or not it was impossible to determine, for her head and face had been literally smashed to pieces. The baby had been found unhurt lying beside her, with its clothes covered with its mother's blood. There was

a wedding-ring on the poor young woman's finger, which was unusually broad for that kind of ring; a lock of dark hair, evidently a man's, together with some twenty dollars in gold and bank-notes, had been found in her purse.

Round her body had been wrapped a plaid shawl, fastened with a large silver brooch or pin, bearing the device, a dog and a rock, the motto "Faithful and Firm," and the initials A. M. G. This was all the clue which could be obtained to lead to her identification, for from her linen the name had evidently been most carefully removed.

The Rev. Mr. Romaine shuddered at the sad spectacle thus brought before him. It was a painful sight to see the poor little infant sleeping calmly, totally unconscious that its dress was stained with the blood of its own mother.

Dr. Cranston took the poor little thing home with him, but still his mind was filled with misgivings. He had brought under a roof, already too fully stocked with mouths, another being, possessed of a mouth—a growing being, which each day would become a greater burden upon him. There was plain and wholesome food enough for all, he thought; "and for the rest," mused the kind-hearted doctor, "I must give up my nightly glass of toddy and my cigar."

But here a vision of that little delicate creature being disciplined under Mrs. Cranston's Spartan code rushed through his mind, and again upset all his plans and calculations.

"No," he thought, "that will never do; the rod and the cane are all very well for great, strong children like ours, but it will not do for this little creature."

The poor, puzzled doctor sat a long time with a thoughtful and disturbed countenance, passing all these matters in review before him. At length a smile lighted up his face—he seized his hat and went out.

He had made up his mind to call upon Miss Steadman, who was one of those good old maids who are a blessing to the world. She was a well-preserved, rather short, moderately plump, beautifully clean, very neatly dressed, smiling, cheerful, good-looking, lady-like old maid.

On the eventful morning of the accident, Miss Steadman was sewing in her pretty little sitting-room, the windows of which looked into her small but lovely little garden, and also afforded a fine view of the hills.

Here Miss Steadman was sitting when a sharp knock came on her door, and before she had time to say "Come in," Dr. Cranston entered.

Dr. Cranston had known Miss Steadman for many years; in fact, it was whispered abroad that had she only looked the slightest encouragement out of her soft blue eyes on the doctor, Mrs. Cranston, *née* Martha Gubbins, would not have wielded the rod as she now did.

After the customary morning salutations had been exchanged, Miss Steadman, to the great relief of the doctor, commenced the conversation by saying:

"Oh, doctor! I am so glad you have called, for Susan has been horrifying me with a dreadful account of the accident she says has happened this morning at Dumpton Station. She assures me a hundred or more are killed and wounded."

"Indeed, the accident is dreadful, and the sight heart-rending enough, but it does not quite come up to Susan's horrible account," replied the doctor; and he then gave a full description of the accident and its fatal consequences. When his recital was ended, the tears were rolling down her face, and she asked:

"What have you done with the poor little baby?"

"The poor little thing," he replied, "is at present at my house, where she must remain for a short time, while I advertise; and then, if she is not claimed, she must go to the almshouse," and he sighed at the idea.

"Oh, no, poor little thing! that must not be. Do you think the child will never be claimed?"

"I fear the poor little thing is the offspring of some imprudent marriage. It is evident by the name having been so carefully removed from her linen, that the mother endeavored to remove every trace whereby she might be recognized; and, assisted by this accident, she will have succeeded, alas, only too well."

"What a sad fate! You think the body is that of a young person?"

"Oh, yes; quite a girl—not more than seventeen or eighteen at the most."

Miss Steadman remained silent for a few moments, and then, with tears glistening in her soft blue eyes, said:

"Doctor, I will take the poor little thing; and although my fortune is small, it can at least have the comforts of life, and while I live it shall never want a friend."

In less than an hour the little foundling was sleeping sweetly in Miss Steadman's arms.

##### CHAPTER II.

Six months had gone by, and the little child had thriven wonderfully under the tender care of Miss Steadman. The poor mother had been laid in her nameless grave, and the grass had begun to grow upon the mound which served to mark the last resting-place of her mangled remains.

The few articles which it was hoped might lead, at some future time, to the identification of the little thing, had been carefully put away.

One morning, as Miss Steadman was cutting out some little clothes for her adopted child, there was a loud knock at the door, and the next minute the servant entered with a letter. Miss Steadman was a little surprised, but she opened the letter calmly; yet, no sooner had she read a few lines than she started, and then turned deadly pale. When she had finished it, she sat for some time in deep thought; she seemed unable to realize it. Had God's blessing already fallen upon her head?

It was a letter from a lawyer, and informed her that, owing to the sudden death of her cousin, Mr. Steadman, and also his only child, Agnes Steadman, she, as nearest of kin, was sole heiress to all his property.

No wonder Miss Steadman was agitated; no wonder she changed color, and her soft, small hands trembled. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand, and never moved. She could hardly believe that it was not some pleasing dream, and yet she felt sad to think that the fair Agnes should have so early fallen a victim to death's relentless grasp. She had never seen Agnes, but she had heard of her great beauty.

But this sadness gradually wore off. She felt it had been the will of God, and she was thankful, for the little Mary's sake, that it had fallen to her lot. She would now be able to educate her and give her every advantage.

Not wishing to leave a place where she had lived so long, she determined to purchase a beautiful little cottage not far from where she now lived, and which was for sale. This she did, and it was in this same lovely place that the little Mary Steadman (for she had been named after her adopted mother) was brought up, and was soon the sunshine of Miss Steadman's heart.

Years have passed, and it is a dark, stormy night that Dr. Cranston is called to the death-bed of a poor old woman. Bad as the night is, he starts off, only thinking of the poor sufferer.

It was in a bedchamber of an old-fashioned farmhouse that the dying woman was lying, and waiting anxiously for the doctor's arrival.

A feeble, shaking voice, telling of the age and weakness of its owner, is heard from the depths of the bed, asking, in barely audible tones, if Dr. Cranston has come. Upon hearing that he has not, she says:

"Oh! God grant he may not be too late."

A moment or two afterward, his step on the stairs announced his arrival. He approached the bed, and leaning over it, gently took the thin, shriveled, bloodless hand in his, and said kindly:

"Well, Goody, I have come to see you."

The pale, wrinkled face of the old woman was lighted up with a momentary smile, as she said in a low voice:

"It is very kind of you, doctor, to come to a poor dying creature like me."

"Is there anything upon your mind? Are you afraid to die?"

"Oh, no; I have had no wish to remain in this world, ever since I lost my poor dear young mistress; and if it please God that I should join her in heaven, I shall be happy."

"But, Goody, it is long since your young mistress died; surely, time must have lightened your grief?"

"Oh, doctor, you little know how I loved my child; the sweetest and best that ever lived; and I care not what they say, she must be an angel in heaven." And here the poor old woman sobbed aloud.

The doctor administered a restorative, and in a few moments she was able to speak again, though her voice could scarcely be heard above a whisper.

"Doctor, I cannot die easy until I have given into your care some papers that I have, of my poor dear young mistress; for there is a young gentleman who I am sure would give all he has to possess them. I have written you a letter which will explain all the sad story to you."

"But, Goody," said the doctor, "why did you not tell me all this before?"

"I did not think that I ought to tell my dear young lady's story to any one; but now, it lies heavy on my heart, though God knows I did it for the best."

The remembrance of the past was again too much for the old woman. A fainting-fit followed, from which all efforts of the doctor were unable to restore her, and her soul passed away during her unconsciousness.

The doctor wiped a tear from his eyes, and taking up the sealed packet, he sadly descended from the chamber of death.

##### CHAPTER III.

In the last eighteen years many changes had taken place, and among others, a handsome young clergyman had been installed at the little town of Dumpton.

"There is something wrong with Arthur Melville," said good Dr. Cranston to his daughter, as he sat sipping his toddy and smoking his cigar; "I hope he is not working too hard and making himself ill."

"I hope not, for what would become of the poor if Mr. Melville was to leave?"

"Ah!" sighed the doctor, as he finished his toddy and threw away the end of his cigar, "what would become of them? I will see him to-morrow; and tell him to take more care of himself, and prescribe for him, if necessary."

Worthy Dr. Cranston, not all your skill could do the young man any good; his disease is one very prevalent amongst young people; and is as much a necessary ill of manhood, as whooping-cough and measles are of childhood.

Arthur Melville was in love—irretrievably in love. He had not, like the timid bather, waded only knee-deep. Oh, no—he had plunged headlong in, far out of his depth, and he had never come up to the surface again.

The lovely face of Miss Steadman's adopted child, or niece, as she was called—now a beautiful girl of eighteen—had won his heart.

One evening he is sitting by his fireside—a half-finished sermon on the table before him; but he cannot write. A bright, lovely face, circled with golden hair—soft, liquid blue eyes, rise up to his mind's eye; again and again he makes a frantic effort to accomplish his sermon; he seizes a pen, rapidly writes down a few words, which he directly after erases; and he is again leaning back in his chair; and golden hair and blue eyes are once more before him.

An hour or more passes away, during which he continues in this dreamy state. At length the clock on the mantel-piece chimes forth the hour of six, and Arthur Melville is aroused from his reverie. He jumps up from his chair, and retires to dress for the evening.

To-night he is to be for a few hours in company with the owner of the blue eyes, and that is the reason his mind wanders. He is soon ready, and taking his hat and gloves, he issues out into the dimly-lighted streets.

After walking some distance, he opens a gate and passes up the drive leading to a good-sized, comfortable mansion, standing in its own rather capacious grounds.

This is the abode of our friend Miss Steadman; here she had retired with her little charge immediately upon the accession of fortune—related in a former part of our story. Here had the little Mary grown up from a pretty child into a lovely girl, beneath the fostering care of Miss Steadman.

Arthur Melville is a great favorite with Miss Steadman. The good lady is not blind to the attachment which has grown up between her beautiful niece and the young clergyman, and it meets with her most cordial approval. But there are circumstances which, she dreads, will prove rather insurmountable difficulties in the way of the happiness of the young people. The mystery which surrounds Mary's birth will, she fears, stand in the way of her fondest wishes—viz., seeing the young couple united before she dies.

Miss Steadman is not ignorant of the fact that, though her own niece and future heiress might not be considered by the very haughty Mrs. Romaine an unsuitable match for her nephew, his alliance with a nameless orphan, who came from no one knew where, would be opposed with all the energy that imperious dame could command, though she might be the heiress of all Miss Steadman's wealth.

These thoughts trouble her, and she heaves rather a deep sigh. This sigh rouses her niece, who starts up and throws her arms round Miss Steadman; and, as she knelt at her feet, begged her, in tender and anxious tones, to say if anything was the matter.

"No, my dear child; I am very well, thank God; and thanks also to your kind, tender, dutiful care of me, I have very little to make me sad."

At this minute the door-bell rang, and Mr. Melville was announced. A glow of unusual brightness lighted up the young man's generally rather placid countenance, and a beaming smile of delight shone on his handsome, though grave face, as he advanced into the room to pay his devotions to the ladies.

We thought, but it might have been a mistake, that Arthur kept the hand of the young lady rather longer in his grasp than he did that of her aunt, and that, from the conscious flush which suffused Mary's face, he might have given to his shake a slight additional pressure of the hand; but we observed that the flush was one of pleasure, not of annoyance, so we concluded it was all right.

During tea, the eyes of the young people met more than once, and what they read there seemed to give them mutual satisfaction.

Though Arthur Melville had never declared his passion, Mary felt assured she was beloved, and, like a sensible girl, she did not attempt to conceal that she herself was not indifferent to her handsome lover.

But Arthur had determined to know his fate, and that evening, while Miss Steadman was napping over her knitting, he took the opportunity to whisper a declaration of love into the young lady's ear, and she, amidst tears and blushes, let him know, though words had but little to do with the matter, that she returned his affection.

##### CHAPTER IV.

We will now introduce to our readers Mr. Charles Melville (a distant relation of Arthur Melville) and his friend Reginald Edwards. When our story commenced they were both young men, and Charles Melville the gayest of the gay; but, alas! in a few months a sad change came over him; there was a look of deep and settled melancholy upon his handsome face, which told how sorrow's remorseless tooth had eaten its way into his heart.

His friends wondered and wondered in vain; they could not imagine why he had suddenly grown so silent and grave, avoiding, rather than seeking, society, as heretofore.

But there was one person—his friend, Reginald Edwards, who had been his bosom friend, both at school, at a private tutor's, and in the army—who could have revealed the secret of Charles Melville's mysterious sorrow. He could have pointed to a dark, wild, January day, when, spite of snow and storm, Charles Melville had stood supported by his arm, bowed down with grief over an open grave in a distant churchyard.

Reginald Edwards could have told a sad tale of youthful passion and imprudence, though not of sin, punished, oh! how severely, which had been repeated to their old tutor and himself, as they sat one soft spring evening in the well-known study of the snug Rectory. He could have spoken of more than one day, since that sad and dreadful one, of which I have spoken, when he had stood with his friend by a flower-decked mound, overshadowed by a simple marble cross, and listened to many a broken sentence of bitter reproach and self-remorse which had fallen from him, at his past folly and thoughtlessness. But Reginald Edwards was not the man to betray a friend's secret, whether that secret was one of joy or sorrow.

But years have past, and people have given up wondering what was the cause of Charles Melville's sorrow. The two friends are now staying at the Rev. Mr. Romaine's house, and Mrs. Romaine gives a larger party in honor of her cousin Charles's return.

Charles Melville, tired and worn out with



the day's proceedings, has sought a few moments for rest and quiet in the privacy of his own room.

As he leans back in his easy-chair, with his hands clasped above his head, he falls into a reverie, which gradually changes into a doze. Then it is that days of pleasure and happiness, long since past and gone, again come floating by on the sea of our memories, and past and present mingle themselves together.

So it was with Charles Melville—he was young again, and happy once more, with a fair young girlish form, whose years are few, whose experience of life is but small, but in whose heart there beams a love as intense, as deep, as true as though her years were double.

A slight, very graceful feminine form is bending over a harp, and her small white hands sweep the chords; the third finger of the left hand is encircled with the golden circlet which gives to the wife alone her wifely due of respect and honor. But, alas! by stealth only can that golden ring be worn; its resting-place is oftener near its owner's heart than round her finger. The rich tones of a sweet voice troling forth a plaintive song are borne on the evening breeze, the words finding an echo deep down in the very recesses of its hearer's soul, now strike on the young man's ear.

Charles Melville starts up; he is now wide awake. No longer do his eyes rest upon the fancied scene of long years ago; but, though the scene has vanished, still the voice goes on singing another verse of the too well remembered song. His face is now pale indeed; he sinks his head upon his hand, and groans aloud. But still the song continues, as though the laceration of his heart was not yet complete.

The listener can bear it no longer; the sad, bitter memories of the past rush over his mind; the floodgates of his great grief, so long hidden deep in the recesses of his very soul, are unloosed; the tears trickle down his cheeks, and his breast heaves with convulsive sobs, as another verse of the song breaks upon his ear.

Charles Melville rushes from the room and, dashing into his friend's apartment, seizes him by the arm, and in a broken voice says:

"Come with me. I have heard her voice singing my old song."

Reginald follows in dismay, for he fears his friend's mind has at last given way under the great burden of his grief; but no sooner has he gained Melville's room than his cheek pales and he looks amazed and distressed, for he hears a song, a voice he has not heard for years, and the owner of that voice had, as he thought, been in the grave for the last eighteen years.

He now began to believe he himself had gone mad.

"Good God! Charles, there is some deep mystery here."

At this minute Charles Melville reeled, and would have fallen to the ground, had not the strong arm of his friend caught him; and the blood gushed from his mouth as Reginald, lifting him gently up, laid him on his bed.

Dr. Cranston was sent for, and, under his skillful care, the bleeding was stopped and the sufferer restored to consciousness; but he was obliged to remain in his room that evening, and it was with a sad heart that Reginald, leaving his friend to the care of the doctor, descended into the drawing-room.

## THE LOVE STORY OF MUSSET AND GEORGE SAND.

In the "Confession of a Child of the Age," by Alfred de Musset, we have an account written from his own point of view—an honorable and chivalrous one—in which he takes to himself all the blame of his celebrated relations with George Sand.

It is impossible to speak of Alfred de Musset without dwelling upon this connection, which would, were it not for its influence not only on his life but on his works, properly belong to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*. It was of short duration, not lasting more than a twelvemonth in all. Their acquaintance began in 1832. In the winter of 1833-4 they went together to Italy; here, after six months of travel, Alfred had a violent attack of cerebral fever, which nearly lost him his life. His companion nursed him through his illness, and then, immediately after his recovery, they parted, and Alfred came back to France alone. Rumor was of course busy with inventing reasons why they quarreled, but for a time neither spoke. In the same year, however, there appeared in the "Lettres d'un Voyageur" of George Sand, published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a highly colored and imaginative portrait, to which we shall presently recur, of the poet. Two years later came out De Musset's "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle," which, under feigned names and other situations, gave an account, most generous and even noble, of the wrongs inflicted by the poet himself. Thirteen years later, when he was dead, George Sand published her celebrated romance of "Elle et Lui," and this was followed, almost immediately, by Paul de Musset's "Lui et Elle." Never was an *amour* treated with so much detail, and discussed from so many points of view. The two actors having had their say, a third person gives an account, as he says, from authentic sources, and the result is an insight into the character of both Alfred de Musset and George Sand which is extremely valuable. It is because the portrait of the poet can be drawn from these papers, and because the affair made so profound and lasting an impression on him, that we must notice an episode, in itself, judged from an Anglo-Saxon point of view, discreditable, which yet was the only time in his life when the influence of a mind as high as, or even higher than, his own, was brought to bear upon him. In the "Confession," Brigitte Pierson comes upon the poet's life like a rain-

tering angel. She brings him consolation and hope; she soothes a spirit troubled with turbid memories; she draws out a genius which else might have slumbered; she bears with the poet's wayward fancies; she follows his humors; she endures his petulance; she forgives his faults. Not only this: when she discovers that pity, more than love, is actuating her, she resolves to sacrifice her life to him, and, while she loves another, never to desert from her patient sufferance of all that he makes her endure while life remains. In that part of the work where their early friendship grows, she is the poet's dream of what a woman may be; in the later part, she represents the image left on the poet's heart of what George Sand was to him. And, in discussing his own conduct, he spares himself in nothing; he shows how suspicion and jealousy clouded his brain; in the tenderest moments of their love, there rises between him and his mistress the spectral remembrance of those love-mockeries of Paris. He hates himself for the past, because it spoils his present; he despises himself for the present, because in his selfish passion he makes his object suffer. Finally, when he resolves to go, when he tears away the chains that have become part of his own flesh, and sees Brigitte depart, with her real love, he thanks God that of three beings who have suffered through his faults, only one remains unhappy.

"Elle et Lui" is written entirely from the woman's point of view. There is none of that chivalrous self-sacrifice which made Alfred take to himself the whole blame—she deliberately makes him the guilty one, the first to break the bonds: he is represented, as doubtless he was, irritable, full of fancies, wayward, capricious; one day he would rage at her like a hurricane, and the next, forgetful of the things he had said, would overwhelm her with caresses. He would stay away from days and nights, and return moody, silent and peevish; he took umbrage at a word, a gesture, a look; he interpreted everything according to his present mood; he was more changeable than an April day, more unstable than the ocean. Only, even while the writer is as it were exculpating herself by pouring reproach on her poor dead lover, we catch glimpses of her own character, which would seem almost to justify the savage attack made upon her by Paul de Musset. She, too, is jealous; she, too, takes umbrage at a look or a gesture; she, as well as her lover, is capricious; she, almost at a word from him, transfers her affections to another; and when she first parts from Alfred, it is to marry her American. The truth appears to be that these two sensitive natures, both seeking what neither could give— repose for the soul—acted as a constant irritant one upon the other; the few months they spent together were a time of perpetual torment, allayed by an ever-renewed hope that, some day, would dawn the hour of rest and perfect confidence. Two artists, they studied each other, and it irritated both to be made the object of study. George Sand became Brigitte Pierson in her lover's book. He became Laurent de Fauve in hers. The man's generosity is superior to the woman's. Laurent is a contemptible, melodramatic self-tormentor; he stamps, and raves, and shouts, without any cause at all; while his mistress is intended to be a saint, but is in reality the most odious of creatures. Brigitte Pierson, in the "Confession," on the other hand, is a perfectly human, and sometimes lovable creature, and had Alfred met with her, their tour in Italy would certainly have been prolonged.

Paul de Musset's book, "Lui et Elle," is simply an attack on George Sand. It paints her throughout in colors too strong to be reproduced here. The curious in the matter may read it. Doubtless, many of the incidents are true; but it only proves what might have been gathered from the other two books, that the *ménage* of Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton would be a heaven of peace and comfort, compared with that of this ill-assorted pair.

There are points of singular resemblance between the "Confessions" and "Elle et Lui," which are yet not due to the resemblance of the story so much, as to the similarity of the impression produced by their union on two acutely sensitive minds. We have not space here to pick out these. One only may be mentioned, the curious night scene in the forest. The lovers wander and lose their way, in both books. They resolve to pass the night where they find themselves. But the man, in telling the story, remembers only his mistress's words of consolation and love, and how, with tears, they prayed together at a stone, under the calm light of the stars. "Thank heaven!" he exclaims, "we never returned to that rock after this night; it is an altar that has remained pure; it is one of few spectres of my life which seem still robed in white when it passes before my eyes." But the inexorable George tells a different story. In her we read how her love left her to wander alone, a prey to evil thoughts; how he was found, almost mad with fear and horror, because he had seen the spectre of a man bent down with vices, staggering with drunkenness, pass out of the wood and come toward him, and how he looked in his face and saw—himself; and how the rest of the long night she followed him, with aching limbs, while he rushed from path to path, to escape the memory of what he had seen. Surely the former is the kinder story, and were the latter true, which one does not believe, it would better have become the writer to hide a thing which she alone knew of; but Alfred's story is the true one.

PERFECT sleep is the possession, as a rule, of childhood only. The healthy child, worn out with its day of active life, suddenly sinks to rest, sleeps its ten or twelve hours, and wakes, believing, feeling, that it has merely closed its eyes and opened them again; so deep is its twilight of oblivion. The sleep in this case is the nearest of approaches to actual death, and at the same time presents a natural paradox, for it is the evidence of strongest life.

## ENGLISH MEMBERS OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

THE Joint High Commission has already held several sessions at the State Department, Washington, D. C., and although little has been made known of the proceedings, it is said that the English Commissioners are pleased with the prospects of a speedy and satisfactory termination of their labors.

George Frederick Samuel Robinson, Earl de Grey and Ripon, was born in London in 1827, and succeeded his father as second Earl Ripon, and his uncle as second Earl de Grey in 1859. He served as a member of the House of Commons for Huddersfield, and subsequently for the West Riding of Yorkshire from 1853 to 1859, when he entered the House of Lords. He was formerly well known in the House of Commons by his courtesy title of Lord Goderich. While in the House of Commons he acted with the radical party. He was Under-Secretary of War in June, 1859; Under-Secretary of State for India from January to August, 1861; Secretary of War from 1863 to 1866, and was appointed Lord President of the Council in December, 1868. The earl is a man of decided talent, and Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity in England.

Sir Edward Thornton is well known to the American public, having been British Minister to this country since the death of Sir Edward Bruce. He has had considerable diplomatic experience, having represented his country in Italy, Brazil, Mexico and several of the South American republics. Since his arrival here Sir Edward Thornton has displayed much energy and ability in his endeavors to bring our claims upon Great Britain to a satisfactory settlement. He was created a baronet a short time ago.

Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B., is the present Premier of Canada, and is conceded to be the foremost statesman of the Dominion. He was born in 1815, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1835. Entering into politics as a conservative, he was elected a member of the Colonial Parliament in 1844, and has ever since represented Kingston. Soon after entering Parliament he became a member of the then Ministry of Canada, but retired in 1850. In 1854 he re-entered the Cabinet as Attorney-General, resigned in 1862, having been Premier for a brief period, and became Attorney-General again in 1864. During the following year he was appointed Minister of Militia. He was one of the earliest advocates of the confederation of the colonies, and was one of the delegates from Canada who went to London in 1866 to arrange the terms.

The Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote was born in London, October 27th, 1818, and is consequently in his fifty-third year. He is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, in which he took a first class in classics; and was admitted to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1847. In 1851 he acted as one of the secretaries to the Great Industrial Exhibition, and was made a C. B. in recognition of his services. He entered Parliament in 1855, when he was returned in the Conservative interest from Dudley. He represented the borough of Stamford from 1858 until 1866, when he was elected by the freeholders of Devonshire North as their spokesman in the House of Commons. Sir Stafford was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone when the present Premier was President of the Board of Trade. When the Earl of Derby succeeded to power, on the defeat of Gladstone's Reform Act of 1866, Sir Stafford Northcote became President of the Board of Trade; whence he was transferred on the retirement of Earl Derby to the India Office, and became Secretary of State for India.

Montague Bernard is a man of decided ability. He is Professor of International Law at Oxford, and is known in connection with American questions as the author of a ponderous work on the neutrality of England during our civil war—a publication supposed to have been written at the instance of the late Lord Clarendon. The work takes the extreme English view of the case, and is a labored effort to prove that the United States have no just cause of complaint.

With the exception of Sir John A. Macdonald, perhaps the ablest man in the English Commission is Lord Tenterden, the secretary. He has very recently come to his title, being better known as Mr. Abbott, of the Foreign Office. He is the author of the famous "Notes and Observations," presented by Lord Clarendon in answer to Mr. Fish's dispatch of the 26th of September, 1869, upon the Alabama question. He is about forty-three years old.

It will thus be seen that on the British Commission are two men who have made the *Alabama* and kindred questions their peculiar study, while upon the fishery and other Canadian questions the leading Canadian statesman is placed in charge.

## MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

EXPERIMENTS with cannon give some singular results. Thus a 10-inch projectile strikes a harder blow at 2,000 yards than one of 9 inches at the muzzle. A 15-inch Rodman (American) gun keeps up a velocity at 8,000 feet, equal to that of a 68-pounder at 4,000 feet.

WHEN the elephants, and other animals of the same description at the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, were sacrificed to the necessities of the war, members of the French Institute were present on the spot in order to witness the effects of the shots on the huge brutes, and some parts of the body were set apart for careful dissection.

MR. JAMES GLASSIER, F.R.S., of England, desiring to discover the influence of the moon on the elements, found, after a long series of investigations, that on the ninth day of the moon there was much more rain than on any other day, and that on the first and last week of the moon there was the least amount. He had taken account, from 1815 to 1869, of every day on which there had been an inch of rainfall, and he had found that on July 26th, 1867, the rain-

fall amounted to three and seven-tenths inches—the largest amount that had fallen in one day at the Royal Observatory. From careful observations made by him he had no doubt that the moon did exercise an influence upon rain. Another of his investigations was as to the time of day that rain fell most, and he had found that the largest quantity of rain fell at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The whole of our rain supply, Mr. Glassier asserts, has its origin and fall 800 feet from the earth.

AIR AND OCEAN CURRENTS.—MR. J. KNOX Laughton, in a recent contribution to theoretical meteorology, entitled "Physical Geography in its Relation to the Prevailing Winds and Currents," concludes that wind, acting not only on the surface of the sea, but, by means of intense friction, to a considerable depth, is the chief cause of the numerous ocean currents. His theory is that the whole atmosphere, relatively to the surface of the earth, continually moves, or tends to move, from west to east; and that the prevalent local variations from that direction are either eddies or deflections, formed in accordance with the principles which regulate the motion of fluids. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Laughton's conclusions are not accepted as correct by many prominent scientific investigators.

WATER sometimes plays the part of an acid, in combination with a strong base. It is in the condition of acid that it attacks the quick-lime and slakes it. We have the water again occurring in the form of watery crystallization, in solid substances, which assume a crystalline form when separating from water, as alum, gypsum, and many other materials. We have it again as a solvent, in which case it exerts a weak affinity for the substances involved. The water dissolves not only waters but gases; in fact, it is a universal solvent. Natural waters are never pure, owing to solvent properties. Atmospheric waters—the snow, the dew, the fog—take up certain impurities before they reach the earth. They absorb a certain portion of oxygen and nitrogen, they wash out the dust floating in the atmosphere, and near the seashore the waters contain common salt. In some cases we find sulphuric acid, and in others ammonia. A human body is about three-fourths water.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

UTAH salt is the purest known.

DETROIT is to have some Chinese shoe-makers.

PITTSBURGH got \$96,976 by its water-tax last year.

WEST POINT cadets receive \$500 a year and a ration a day.

THREE original Cardiff giants are in process of erection in Cincinnati.

AN inebriate asylum, for women only, is to be established in Pennsylvania.

WISCONSIN furnished nearly 250,000,000 feet of lumber during the past year.

IN Jackson County, W. Va., there is a spring strongly impregnated with arsenic.

IN the town of Lee, Mass., there are twenty-four paper-mills, owned by twelve companies.

THE lecture of Wendell Phillips, March 8th, in this city, resulted in \$1,000 nearly for the French Relief Fund.

TEN mills of the largest class are projected to increase the manufacturing importance of Fall River.

IN the resumption of Hudson River travel, the Troy line led off, March 8th, with the steamer *Vanderbilt*.

VICTORIA has recently given forty acres of her estate in the neighborhood of Coburg to the children of Prince Albert's nurse.

PRINCESS VICTORIA and her husband, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, save nearly a million thalers a year out of their income.

THE Piegan Indians, about whom little has been said since the massacre of last year, are now reported to be very anxious for peace.

SEVERAL thousand tea plants, received in San Francisco last year from Japan, are growing in a plantation on Mr. Brannan's estate at Calistoga.

A PHILADELPHIA mechanic claims to have invented an apparatus for indicating when a car axle breaks, and supporting it till the train can be stopped.

THE New Orleans ice-factory is one of the interesting sights of the city. It runs six machines, each costing \$25,000 in gold, and freezes sixteen tons of ice daily.

THE lady students of the Michigan Agricultural College study botany, chemistry, horticulture and surveying, and other branches, and make rapid progress in them.

GENERAL BOURBAKI often, it is said, performs the feat of laying a silk handkerchief on the blade of his scimitar and shredding it in two with an almost imperceptible movement of the arm.

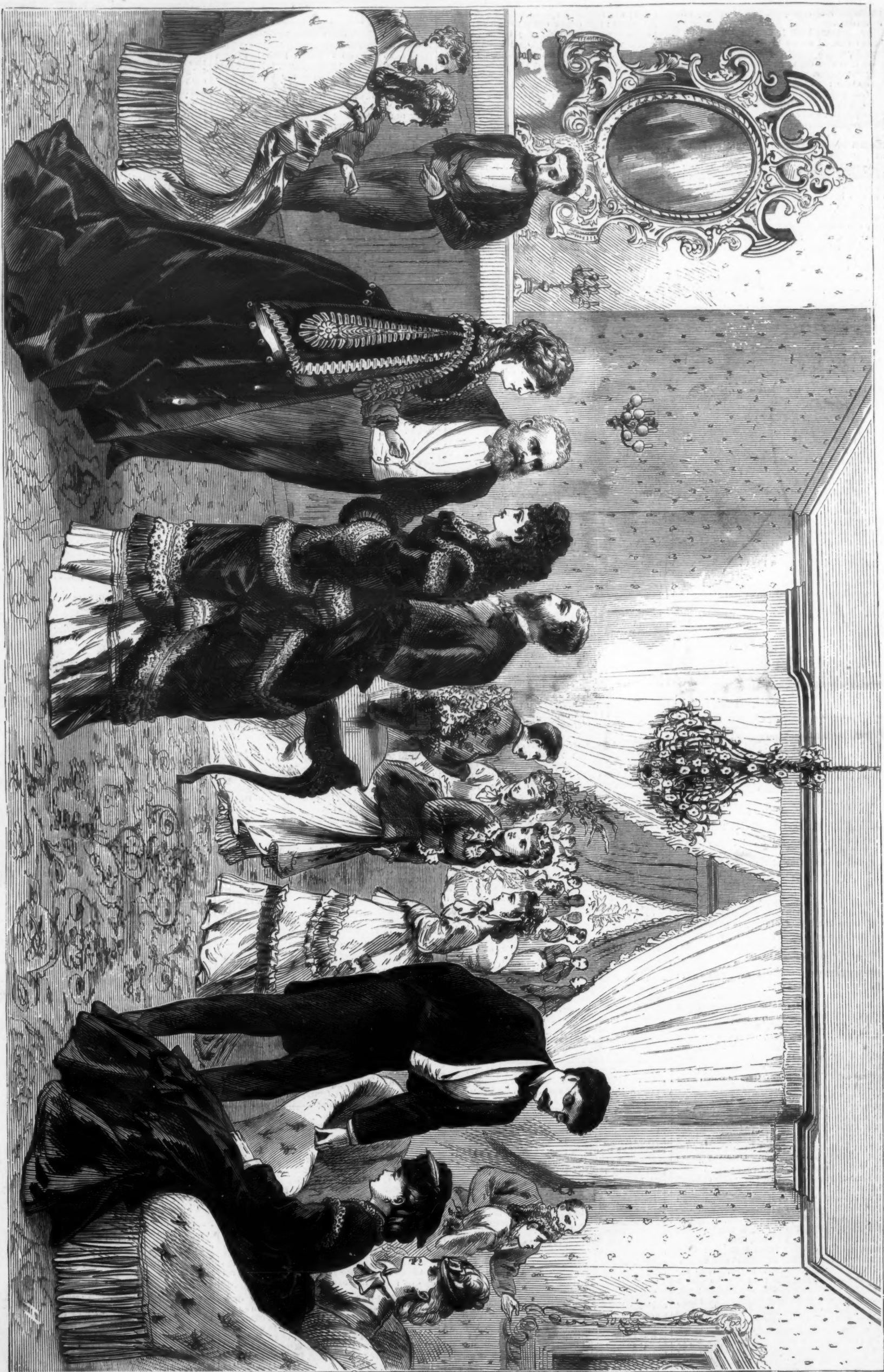
THE amount of logs cut in the Wolf River (Wisconsin) pineries is estimated at 100,000,000 feet, less than two-thirds the usual amount; the cause has been, lack of snow on the ground.

ALTHOUGH it was once customary to make every high peak of the Rocky Mountains 15,000 feet in altitude, but one shows 15,000 feet on actual measurement. There are a remarkable number at just 14,000 feet.

A REAL negro prince, son of the reigning King of the Grand Bassa country, adjoining Liberia, has arrived in New York, and excited a pleasant interest by his unsophisticated interest in the things of civilization. Of Stewart's elevator, he said: "Why, it was floating up on wings!" Of the horse-cars, he observed: "It's a miracle—a miracle! and nobody gets killed!" Of the railway-train, he plausibly remarked: "What man can do when God directs!" He is called Jacob van Brunn, and is a missionary.

THE revisers of the English Bible are not behaving in a manner that will give credit to the new version when it appears. They were directed to call in scholars of all kinds. But they have not invited any American, nor any German or Jew. In a moment of liberality, they did call in a Unitarian, a scholar of high and well-earned repute, Mr. Vance Smith, and he is so little of a rationalist that at the first meeting he took the communion with them. Now, however, they have grown sorry for letting even him in, and at the late meeting they resolved on Mr. Vance Smith's expulsion. This resolution was carried by ten to four. Dean Stanley gave them a severe castigation, charging them with trying "to honor the Saviour's name by a distinct breach of faith." The Bishop of St. David's, perhaps the ablest man in the Upper House, has resigned his place in the companies of revision in sheer disgust.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—MATTINEE RECEPTION AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY—COUNT AND COUNTESS DE CALACAZI WELCOMING THEIR GUESTS—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.





THE HIGH COMMISSIONERS ON THE PART OF ENGLAND FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE "ALABAMA" FISHERY, AND OTHER INTERNATIONAL CLAIMS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 23.



## ALINE.

Over her shoulders, a shower of gold,  
Flutters the sweet child's wealth of hair—  
Most radiant of aureoles, fit to enfold  
The pure girl-face, so fragile and fair.

The blue eyes glance through the golden  
mist  
Of the tangled tresses the waves among,  
And meet the bright breeze that on wings  
sea-kist  
Bears up aloft the sea's soft song.

The song that for none has the same re-  
frain,  
With varying meanings filling the ears,  
Is as pulse of passion, of pleasure, of pain—  
Is sweeter than love, or bitter as tears.

What are the thoughts that to you they  
utter,  
As the west wind shudders and raves,  
And, standing, you watch how they flash and  
flutter—  
The wet, white wings of the waves?

The sweet, vague hope do they joyously  
murmur,  
That dreams may linger, though distance  
divide?

Do they leave the shy, still faith yet firmer  
That hearts will reveal though lips still  
hide?

## THE LOST LINK;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

## CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED).

THE effect was electrical, the proof appeared so fearfully strong; and the looks and whispers were evidently expressive of a general, if reluctant, belief in the prisoner's guilt. But still Algernon preserved his calmness, though the flush of pride and anxious sympathy that had been excited during Olivia's evidence faded into a marble-like pallor when she had disappeared.

This was the case for the prosecution. The prisoner's counsel then rose.

"My lord," he said, "and gentlemen of the jury, I must, I fear, appear to have allowed you to bestow more time than should have been willingly wasted on evidence that will be found most needlessly extracted; but it was only on condition that it should be heard and tested to the very utmost, that I obtained the service of the witness whom I am about to call, as my sole answer to the testimony against my client. That witness, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, is a relative of the deceased, and I believe his testimony will be conclusive. The best proof I can give of the weight of his testimony is to trust entirely to it, sparing you all the usual argument and the exordiums which display to advantage the eloquence of such men as my learned brother, but prove sometimes sadly tedious to the court when longing for an elucidation of the truth."

He ceased, and then the new witness was brought into court. He was a man between thirty and forty years of age, with a tall, muscular form, and a bold, unscrupulous face. There was character in every line of that face—in the wrinkled brow, the curved and distended nostril, the firmly-closed mouth; and the eye, which, with its defiant expression, wandered over the dense masses of the overcrowded court. He took the oath with a cynical smile, almost a sneer; evidently to him it was a mere empty form and of little importance—perhaps none at all. Then he was about to give his evidence, when his eye became riveted on a darkly-clad and closely-veiled figure in the court; yet there was nothing in her outward appearance to claim his attention, and so he seemed to think, for in another second he turned to the Judge, and the counsel proceeded with the examination.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Henry Trenchard, cousin of the deceased," was the reply, in the short, distinct tone of one who was perfectly acquainted with such scenes, and quite aware of the value of short replies and the disadvantage of a redundancy of words.

"You saw your cousin shortly before his death?" resumed the counsel.

"I did," he replied.

"Be kind enough to state the circumstances, and such preliminary events as can materially bear on the point, as concisely as possible, if you please."

A smile crossed the face of the witness at the counsel's words, and then he proceeded:

"On the morning of the murder I went to his hotel on business of importance, and was told that he was out, and had gone to or toward Beddington Park. I went there, and at the gate of the churchyard met the prisoner hastening from the spot, and in a state of great agitation. He left the churchyard, mounted his horse, which had been tied to the gate, and passed down the road. I went up the broad path through the churchyard, and in about one minute met the deceased, who appeared also excited and annoyed. I delivered the message with which I had been entrusted by his mother, and he then requested me to return to her with all speed, and say he would follow shortly. I left him and quitted the churchyard, and, as I did so, a man passed me and walked on in the direction of the deceased."

Here the witness paused.

"Can you describe that person?" asked the counsel.

Henry Trenchard hesitated, and those nearest to him fancied that again his look sought the veiled figure in the court; but only for a second, then he replied evasively:

"I took little notice of him, but I believe he was tall and well dressed."

"A gentleman?" inquired the counsel.

"Probably," was the reply; "but a gentle-

man is not always known by his coat now-a-days."

"Quite true," replied the counsel, with a smile. "Would you recognize him if you saw him again?"

"I might—in the same spot," answered Trenchard, "or I might not."

"But away—apart," rejoined the counsel rather testily; "in fact, have you any notion who or what he was?"

"None," said Trenchard; "I have told you all I can. You may examine and cross-examine for hours; but no more can you extract—no more than the truth."

The words were uttered in a careless, off-hand sort of way, and then the witness leant lazily against the witness-box, as if he were tired of, or indifferent to the whole affair.

"One moment more, if you please," resumed the counsel. "Now remember that you are upon your oath. Could this person, by any possibility, be Mr. Algernon Dacre—returned of course?"

"Impossible," replied Trenchard. "Quite impossible."

"And what hour might it be then?"

"A quarter to four."

"Did you leave the churchyard at once?"

"Yes; I remounted my horse to return home, but on the road the animal shied, threw me over his head, and so severely stunned me that I was unconscious for some days; even when I recovered sense, the nerves were so completely paralyzed, and the injury to my head pronounced so severe, that absolute quiet was ordered and the slightest mental exertion forbidden. Thus it was not till the last few days that I became aware of the miserable events that had taken place after my accident, or the accusation made against an innocent man."

"That will do," observed the counsel for the defense, with a well-pleased smile. "And now I must trouble Lady Ashton to return to the witness-box."

Olivia, who had been absent from the court during the scene, was now recalled.

"Lady Ashton, on your oath, can you state the exact time when you reached Beddington churchyard?"

"At half-past four," she replied. "My appointment had been for four o'clock."

"And you said positively that you did not see any one near the spot. Let me request you to recollect yourself, and say whether you did not meet the prisoner at the bar on that afternoon. I would beg you to be cautious and correct in your reply, for much depends on the accuracy and the frankness of your answer."

"Lady Ashton, you are bound to answer," said the Judge, kindly, "and, as my learned brother observes, frankly and truly."

"I met Mr. Dacre, my husband," she said, "about two miles from the spot, and I should think the time would be about ten minutes past four. I am sure it could not be later, as I reached the churchyard by half-past four."

"That will do," said the counsel; and Olivia retired.

The counsel for the prisoner then turned triumphantly to the Judge and jury.

"I submit to the court," said he, "that I have made out a case of *alibi* for my client, and that he may claim an acquittal without further pleading on my part."

The jury, who had been consulting together for a few minutes, now turned round, and by their foreman expressed at once their full satisfaction as to the innocence of the prisoner, but that they would wish, if possible, the discovery of the weapon with the cipher and arms of a younger branch of the Dacres should be accounted for. Henry Trenchard was recalled, and the weapon shown to him.

"I can at once identify it, my lord," he said, "as one frequently used by Mr. Mervyn, though I cannot say where he obtained it. Possibly it may have been among the arms at Dacre Abbey, and used by him as a convenient and light weapon."

The jury then, without retiring from the box, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" against the prisoner, and with an earnest expression of their desire that every shade of suspicion should be considered as being removed from his character.

With a few brief observations from the Judge, Algernon Dacre then retired from the dock amidst the open applause and silent sympathy of the throng.

Olivia was by her husband's side, her heart full of thankfulness, her silent lip trembling with untold emotion. As thus she moved on, a quietly-dressed and closely-veiled figure attracted her attention; there was something strangely familiar in the general contour, but Olivia had no opportunity for close observation, for in another moment the stranger mixed with and was lost in the crowd, and Olivia drove off with Algernon. But all day long that veiled figure was present with her; and, try as she might, she could not forget it.

## CHAPTER XLV., AND LAST.

THREE months had passed, and still no news had been heard of Lady Alice, or, as she must now be called, Lady Dacre. Sir Geoffrey left the country immediately after the murder of Frank Mervyn, and no tidings of him reached his native place; unless, indeed, the receipt of the circular letters of credit, which were cashed, from time to time, could be considered as a diary of his movements.

In the midst of their own happiness, Olivia and Algernon did, at times, cherish a longing to see the birthplace of the latter; to weep over the tomb of the mother of Algernon, the beloved of Olivia's father, and to wander together through the apartments and the haunts sacred to her memory; but long as he might to visit the old scenes, there were reasons why he could not indulge the longing. A meeting with Sir Geoffrey was at present out of the question, and until matters were on a different footing such a contingency must be avoided.

"There has been annoyance and ill-feeling enough already, Olivia," he said to her. "Heaven knows that from my heart I could forgive him all. It is easy for those who are happy to be generous and forgiving, dear wife, and I have all that man can wish for on earth, while poor Geoffrey has lost everything he valued most."

Olivia was silent, for in her mind grave thoughts and very serious doubts were connected with Sir Geoffrey, and she did not care to unfold them to her husband. It was the only concealment she had from him, and she kept the secret for his sake.

"Here is the post-bag, Algernon," she said, looking from the window, and glad of any excuse for turning the conversation from Sir Geoffrey; "and now you will have plenty to do without flattering me about your present amount of felicity. Oh, Algernon, if you don't take care you will make me so vain that I shall be perfectly insufferable."

"I don't think so," he replied. "You have been tested already, and proved to be invulnerable."

"Tested," she said, repeating his words; "when, and how?"

"When"—why, when the public with mighty voice gave the verdict in favor of the prima donna—and "how"—by the homage and the flatteries and the plaudits, and—yes, Signora Perdita, I'm going to say something very derogatory, but equally truthful, now—and by the 'puffs' showered on that vaunted and elected prima donna. Nevertheless, Olivia," he continued warmly, "I'm glad I took you from that life. I'm prouder of you in your 'character' of the gentle home companion, the counselor, the friend, than ever I could be in seeing you the courted favorite of the public. By-the-by, Olivia," he added, "how in the name of £. s. d., did you manage the cash for that Neapolitan expedition? It must have cost a small fortune. I should not have fancied your purse heavy enough to bear the burden."

"Oh, you matter-of-fact old husband of mine," she replied, laughing, "how can you be so unpoetical as to connect Sirens with 'siller'?"

"The Sirens wouldn't be much or do much without that 'siller' in these modern times I suspect," he said, merrily; "siller" is a wonderful incentive to success, I fear. But how did you manage the cash?"

"I didn't manage it at all," she answered; "for at that time I had none to manage, but I found a good friend in my dear old maestro, Dr. Bartolo. His nephew taught me at Albans for a short time, and must have given some fabulous account of my 'powers' to his uncle, for when I went to him for advice on leaving Mrs. Mervyn—and I was almost crazy then with one thing and another—I found him quite ready to take up my cause, and bring me out at his own expense, I paying him all the money he had expended for me as soon as I could earn it. Thanks to his admirable teaching, this, before long, became easy enough, for Naples is a cheap place, and the cost of my musical education was not a quarter as much as you would fancy. So that point being settled, we'll look over the letters, and see what good the post has brought us."

The post-bag contained the average number of newspapers and letters of business, compliment, or friendship, but as Algernon looked them over, he saw one from a correspondent, whose handwriting had been dangerously familiar to him once. It was directed to "The Countess of Ashton," and in the trembling but graceful characters of Alice. Olivia tore it open. It contained but these words:

"DEAR OLIVIA—I am dying; I have waited till I knew the truth, ere sending for you and for Algernon. I have sought the neighborhood where he was born and reared, to have my remains laid near his mother's. As a Dacre, I have that sad privilege. Come to me, and soon."

There needed little deliberation on this brief missive. In two hours from its receipt Algernon and Olivia were on the road to the place indicated in the address of the letter, and which was, as Algernon well remembered, about five miles from Dacre Abbey, though he had not been aware that any human dwelling was in that lonely spot. A postscript, in a yet more trembling handwriting, informed them that a man would be waiting for them at an inn near the place, who would conduct them to the house, thus, avoiding all unnecessary delay.

Olivia's preparations for the journey did not take long, and within half an hour she was driving with her husband toward the station.

"We are going to have a fearful storm," said Algernon, as he looked from the carriage-window. "Hark, how the distant thunder growls, and the lightning flashes unceasingly behind those heavy clouds!"

"Heaven help those who are shelterless," replied Olivia.

And so they went on their way, and every moment the storm grew wilder and wilder, until the sky seemed ablaze with the fire of the heavens and the grand roar of thunder was unceasing.

Very little delay was incurred, for the person indicated by Alice Dacre was in waiting with a carriage, and in a few minutes after leaving the train they were again en route.

The way now lay through a wood that had frequently been visited by Algernon in other days. The horses went on as rapidly as the thick trees and uneven nature of the ground would permit, until at one terrific and blinding flash of lightning they stopped, backed furiously, and refused to proceed one step further. Neither hard words nor hard blows would induce them to proceed; they evidently thought there was danger in the path, and danger they did not care to face.

"If you would not mind, sir," said the guide, coming to the carriage-door, "I think it would be better to alight and walk on; the cottage is

within a stone's throw now, and time is of consequence. I fear the horses are all but unmanageable, nor is it safe to remain in this thick wood; that last flash of lightning must have done some fearful work."

The man's face was pallid with fear as he spoke.

"We had better get out and walk on, Algernon," said Olivia. "Every moment may be precious. Come, dear."

He helped her from the carriage, and they followed their guide along a narrow and shaded path till they emerged into a sort of clearing, where stood the cottage that had once been the abode of Helen Mervyn, and which was now the dying refuge of Alice Dacre. The guide stopped, rang the gate-bell gently, and a servant appeared as if by magic, and without waiting for directions or questions, conducted the guests within the modest dwelling.

"My lady expects you," she said, ascending a few steps and throwing open the door of the room where we first saw Helen Mervyn reclining on her invalid couch. And now, as then, a form was extended on the bed; but one younger, if fairer, and, alas, nearer her end, than the unhappy beloved of Rupert Dacre was in those days.

Alice Dacre was beautiful even then, though her large dark eyes were unnaturally dilated, and stood out in painful prominence from her wasted cheeks. A melancholy smile crossed her features as she saw them approach.

"I knew you would come," she said—"I knew you would come. I desired to bid you farewell—to hear my pardon from your lips—and to tell you, Algernon Dacre, how truly I loved you, even when I, in my unworthy distrust and pride, chased you from me. But it was well. She is more worthy of you than I ever could have been, and more worthy of the station and wealth that she has inherited. You will forgive me, Olivia, now that I am dying; you will forgive all my proud, unfeeling cruelty to you?"

"I never resented it, dear Alice," said Olivia, bending down and kissing her. "I knew that you were worked on by suspicious and irritating appearances and by the acts of others. Do not speak of it more; do not exhaust yourself so needlessly. All is forgotten and pardoned."

"And you, Algernon?" said Alice.

"As truly, Alice, as that I still can love and look on you as a dear sister," he replied. "Had you been more happy in your marriage, I should indeed have rejoiced. Would to Heaven that he—that Geoffrey—had been more worthy of you; that he had been softened and humanized by the love that I believe he felt for you."

"Hush—hush!" she said, shudderingly. "It is fearful to think of him, and the dark secret that is on my conscience. Oh, Algernon! if I did but know what is my duty! I gathered the knowledge of his sin in a terrible and ill-fated moment. It has weighed on me like an incubus; it drove me nearly to desperation to think that, when all else was snatched from me, I was still bound to one who had been guilty of such deep crimes; and then, when illness came, and death stared me in the face, I lay for long hours, imploring for some direction as to my duty. Oh, Algernon! is it right for me to conceal such a secret in my own heart? May I not confide it to you, his brother? It would ease my heart."

"My poor Alice," he replied, "it shall at least be safe with me, if it will ease your conscience to confide it to me. If it be possible to bury it for ever in oblivion, rely on my earnest desire to do so. If justice to others demands that it should be revealed, I will endeavor to do my duty, as his brother and yours."

"Noble heart—noble heart!" she murmured. "Oh, Olivia! value and cherish it as it deserves. It is of more worth than the broad lands of Compton and its ancient title. Make him happy, and I can bless you, even though you possess all that I most coveted on earth."

"Alice, dearest, if you could but live," said Olivia, bending down and kissing her tenderly; "if you could but feel how we would cherish you as a sister."

"No, no, no," said Alice. "It is impossible, Olivia; leave us now for a few moments. Even you must not hear the wretched secret I have to tell; and which, please Heaven, may yet die with me. You do not fear to leave me with your husband, Olivia?" she added, with the faint shade of the old arch expression glittering in her eyes.

Olivia smiled sadly and glided from the room. The whole atmosphere of the house seemed so oppressive, and the scene she had just witnessed lay so heavily on her spirits, that she opened the door and went out into the garden. Even in that moment of sadly engrossed thoughts her attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of the old cottage she had just quitted. The old-fashioned gables, the heavy massive iron cross which was fastened to the outer wall by iron clamps, and extending, as we have elsewhere said, to within two feet, or even less, of the ground. The whole style of the place was strange, and attracted her attention as a most remarkable specimen of old-world buildings, and unlike anything she had ever seen, even in her travels in distant lands. But, above all, she noticed the terrible havoc the storm had made; a large oak tree, standing at a short distance, was rent to the roots, while the ground seemed scorched and cut up by a thunderbolt or some other terrible result of the electric fluid.

Nor had the cottage escaped; the brickwork of one chimney had been completely loosened, and lay in a mass on the sloping roof, while the old cross, the relic, and perhaps glory, of other days, had been wrenched from the iron fastenings in the wall, and hung dangerously forward. Olivia approached nearer to examine it more closely, and discovered behind the lower end of the cross what seemed to be a small opening in the wall, and which once had been securely plastered up, but from which the cement had been torn by the sudden removal



of the cross from its usual position. The thought struck Olivia that this place had probably served, during some of the troublous days of England, as a receptacle for treasure, either jewels, or family documents, or papers, political or religious. Great care had evidently been bestowed on the fastening, and nothing but some tremendous wrench could either have torn it away or removed the cross, which seemed now to her to have been placed there for the express purpose of concealing this opening.

From a feeling more of curiosity than any stronger motive, Olivia cautiously inserted her hand, and, to her surprise, discovered that the opening widened considerably in the interior. It was like a flat, narrow box, but without a ray of light to show its depth and extent. Olivia thrust her hand as far as was possible within the narrow opening, and something hard rustled against her touch. She continued her efforts, and pushed her hand forcibly into the narrow space; then she drew it back, with a look of eager curiosity in her face. It was a hard, stiff parchment that she had drawn from the hiding-place, and round it was wrapped several small papers, tied with a broad ribbon. It was probably some old document, placed there by hands long since mouldering in the grave, and she might have been the unconscious means of bringing a long-lost secret to light, or perhaps of reviving some painful memories.

The young countess half shrank from examining even the outside of the packet she held, and listened for a few moments, anxiously hoping to hear her husband's step, that she might place it in his hands, and wait for his advice ere glancing at its contents; but no sound met her ears. She hesitated. There could be nothing wrong in deciding to whom the packet really belonged, and restoring it to its rightful owner. She held it up in the imperfect light. There was a brief endorsement on the outside of the packet, which she made out with some difficulty. But when she had deciphered it, a rich flush came in her cheek, and her dark eyes blazed with a sudden light.

"Merciful Heaven, how wonderful are thy ways!" she ejaculated.

Clasping the packet firmly in her hands, Olivia then hastily re-entered the house.

What had been the secret which had thus burdened poor Alice's heart? There was silence for some minutes after Olivia had left the room, as if she were gathering strength to fulfill her purpose; and when she spoke, it was abruptly, and with a sudden effort, as if distrustful of her own strength.

"Algernon," she said, "I cannot break gently what I have to say. I must tell you as briefly as I can, or my strength will fail. The discovery came to me one night, one horrible night, soon after the murder of Frank Mervyn. Give me wine, Algernon, or I shall die before all that must be said to ease my burdened soul shall be spoken."

He gave her the stimulant she so needed, and then she went on.

"On the night of which I speak, Geoffrey was summoned from the room, and detained so long that I wearied of waiting for him, and left the dining-room to go to my own apartments. But as I passed the open door of the library, I saw a gleam of light through the door of the inner library, and I thought I would just enter to listen whether the stranger was gone, and Sir Geoffrey likely to rejoin me for coffee in the drawing-room. As I advanced, words met my ears that chained me to the spot. Algernon, I could not have moved had I desired it, when the dreadful truth dawned upon me. My husband was even then bargaining with an agent of some past offense to insure his continued secrecy and his own safety.

"I tell you," were the first words I heard, "that you had no business to hurt the old fellow. I only ordered you to secure the documents and papers."

"Yes," at any cost," were your words, Sir Geoffrey," replied the man, sullenly, "and I obeyed you. The old lawyer resisted stoutly; and what with the storm and his obstinacy, and your positive orders, the accident happened. Yes—we won't call it 'murder,' Sir Geoffrey, though the law might give it that ugly name."

"The man then went on to bargain with my wretched husband as to the price of his silence, not for this deed alone, but for the murder of Frank Mervyn, who died by Geoffrey's hand. This man, this Henry Trenchard, saw the deed done, and made his money out of it. Geoffrey met Frank by accident on that fatal day, and, suspecting that he meant to betray certain secrets to Olivia, which have since transpired—I am faint, Algernon, faint unto death."

She fell back, and for a few moments he thought her soul had gone on its last long journey; but once more she revived, took some more wine, and again spoke.

"I cannot dwell on that horrible event," she resumed; "but must now speak for a moment of myself and my own acts."

"Knowing Geoffrey to be the murderer, it drove me nearly mad to hear that you, poor innocent Algernon—you, the good and true and noble—were accused of the horrid deed; and I determined to save you, at all risks; but I thought of Geoffrey as well. I therefore sought for and found Henry Trenchard, and, by the promise of almost all I had in the world, induced him to come forward at the trial and prove the *alibi*, which saved your life and cleared your fame."

"Then the stranger he met at the gate was Geoffrey?" said Algernon.

"Yes," she replied.

"But Trenchard swore he did not know the man," remarked Algernon.

"An oath is nothing to one like Trenchard," replied Alice; "he laughs at every notion of the kind. Besides, Geoffrey's safety was included in the price I promised. Now you know all. I was in court when Trenchard

gave his evidence, to watch him, and see that he did not play me false; and I saw you and Olivia leave together. And oh, Algernon, dear friend of happier days, believe me when I say that my heart went up in a great burst of thankfulness to Heaven for your safety, and joy for you in her dear love. And now my work is done in this sad world."

"One thing more," said Algernon: "The papers taken from the old lawyer by Henry Trenchard—where are they?"

"They were deposited with Mrs. Mervyn—or Helen Trenchard, as I should call her, and used by her as a means of extracting all she needed for herself and her son Geoffrey. I know no more. Probably they are lost or destroyed. Let me rest now; my strength is quite gone, and I feel so weary, so very weary."

She lay back again, and the hue of death crept slowly over the wan face. But once more she spoke in low, weak accents.

"Have I not been punished for my injustice to you and Olivia?" she said. "I have lost all that prompted me to the evil passions which destroyed my peace and blighted my better feelings, and I am now dying of a broken heart, crushed by a load of shame and wretchedness that few of my sex ever knew. Algernon, do you remember when we first met? Oh, if I had died when you interfered to save my life, how much it would have spared me and others!"

### ONLY ON THE BOX.

"ANY one got a light?"

"Here, my boy, I have. The best matches in the world. Safest thing you can—"

"What, those things? Won't let them near me! I'd have the patentees burnt with fagots of 'em. Why, I paid for a box of them, and Jessie paid, too—how much do you suppose? Out of a shop, mind you!"

"I can't tell, I'm sure; some fancy price."

"Only fifty thousand dollars. I'll tell you how. Wait, I can't give up my smoke, even to gratify so just a vendetta. So for once I'll use the ill-omened thing. I remember the last time I used, or tried to use them—but you shall hear."

You remember at the time when I and Jessie were going on together, old Foxberry, the millionaire—so he enjoyed the credit of being called, though without any claim to the title, as it proved, for he had but seventy thousand dollars, and a millionaire, even by courtesy, ought to show at least two or three hundred thousand. However, he took all the airs, and enjoyed all the respect, of one, and so far as he was concerned it came to the same thing. He really showed a great interest in our cooling and wooing—quite beyond what might be expected from a money-grubber, such as he had been all his life. The liking began on his side, through my presenting him with a pound of the very choicest Turkish, which had been sent me as a present. There was his weak place. He smoked—smoked day and night, not like a chimney which often has its fires banked up, but like a mountain on fire.

"Give me my pipe," he would say, taking a rather selfish view of the cosmogony, "and I don't care if the world turns upside-down."

A rather weak logician once retorted on him: "But, my dear Mr. Foxberry, if the world turns upside-down, you and your pipe must turn upside-down with it."

But Mr. Foxberry had him in a moment.

"I say, sir," he roared, "if you had taken the trouble to attend—I stipulate for the quiet enjoyment of my pipe. You like splitting hairs, I see."

I could see that this old gentleman took a kindly interest in my love for Jessie. Between huge clouds of smoke he grunted out his approbation.

"I like you," he said, "Bob, and that's a great deal. Not so well as my pipe, of course; but more than my money. I like you better than the greedy crew who are hunting me for it, and who will find themselves disappointed."

Every one, of course, good-naturedly said that I was hunting him, which was far from the truth, though I own I had the air of it, and liked listening to his stories, his grim remarks, and, I own, the smoking some rare old cigars that he had got from a sea-captain. I visited him often when it suited me, took little trouble about him, and at last got a hint from a friendly solicitor's clerk that my name figured in "large caps," and in large figures, too, in his testament. The next time old Foxberry was smoking hard, he said to me:

"Why don't you name a day? Be bold, man alive. Pluck up and don't stand shilly-shallying. You won't lose by it in the end," he said, significantly. "I tell you," he added, "I've got a new box of cigars over. We'll make a little party for a drive to Three-Cross Abbey. Get her to meet you there. Settle it all off-hand, try the new cigars, and have done with it!"

I was enchanted. This, indeed, looked like business. I wrote off a hasty note to Jessie and her aunt, telling them how much depended on their coming, and imploring them to attend. I wrote also to a jeweler for a couple of little lockets, as I wanted to make a tender offering. I was very happy and excited. Mr. Foxberry grew more and more benignant.

"There are pipes," he said, "that I knock about any way, and throw down after I have smoked them. There are others I take care of and put by carefully. You are a good fellow, Bob. Will be a capital smoker one of these days, and I'll take care of you."

I thanked him cordially. Well, the morning came, and the carriage was actually at the door. Just then the post came in with two letters and a little registered card-board box. One was from Jessie, saying that she was delighted to come. The other was from the jeweler, saying that he sent me

two lockets, but that he wanted one back at once "for a bride-maid's order." The lockets were very pretty, and I admired them greatly. It was hard to choose between them. I was in difficulty, when Mr. Foxberry decided me by roaring out from below that he was ready, and that the cigars were in, and that we were losing the fine day. I had thus to make a hasty choice, so I chose one that seemed the most elegant, rolled it up in silver-paper, and packed it up in a neat card-board box. But how was I to send back the other locket? A capital idea! There was a match-box on the chimney-piece, which I emptied, packed away the locket in it, and sealed the box in white note-paper, tying it round with tape.

"You," I said to a handful of the matches, "must not set the house on fire, and will be of use in my waistcoat-pocket." And there I deposited them.

My reverend friend, a little out of humor, was still calling for me. I came down with many apologies, and away we drove. Before we had got a quarter of a mile he called out:

"Hallo! Just like me. Forgotten my fusee-box. Drive back at once."

"Stop, sir," I said, smiling; "I have thought of that," and pulled out a match from my pocket. He would have hugged me for this forethought. He said it showed such a true smoking instinct. It certainly did.

"Just fancy," he said, holding up his cigar; "I should have let this out, and where should I have been then? We don't pass a village or even a cottage on the road to Three-Cross Abbey; and there's not a house within miles of it; or else, he added, reflectively, "I must have gone on smoking the whole day and the whole of dinner. I tell you solemnly, I think I should die if I lost my after-dinner smoke."

I was a little facetious on this, making imaginary plans as to how the sacred fire might have been kept in, or propagated; making the coachman keep it alive during dinner, and the man-servant during the coachman's dinner, and I relieving both.

"But only think of the risk!" he said. "Suppose the cigar got choked, or the fellow got drunk, and let it go out, what would become of me then? I declare," he said, with ferocity, "I'd have the fellow broke and dismissed. I'd work heaven and earth to punish him."

"Quite right," I said, laughing. "But I am happy to save the poor wretch from such a fate."

"You would not," he said, sternly. "Where my pipe is concerned, I'd let nothing stand in the way. I really believe it to be the elixir of life; and any one that interferes with that supply of vital energy I look on as interfering with my life. And I would deal with him accordingly."

The cigars were certainly very good, and, after smoking two, he said, "Now, my boy, for a bit of self-denial. Not one more till after lunch, or dinner, as we may call it; and then how we shall relish it! That's the real time for enjoyment."

We were now at Three-Cross Abbey, a little old ruin, in the middle of a sort of waste or common, with hardly a tree or a house near. It was a favorite spot for a picnic, as the ruin was picturesque, and moss-grown, and shady, sheltering us all from the sun. Jessie and her aunt were there waiting to meet us, Jessie looking lovely, as, indeed, old Foxberry as good as told her during lunch.

"When you're both installed in a fine house, she'll look all the better for such a frame. Some one," he added, with meaning, "will take care of you both."

Dinner was over, and he called to his man to bring him his cigar-case out of the carriage.

"I never was in a better humor for a cigar, and for a good cigar," he said. "After that little repast, too, I shall enjoy it the more. Here is a good corpulent one for you, and another for me. I always say, Give me my smoke and the world may turn upside-down. Ay, and every human being in it, too," he added.

We laughed at the jest. Such a little tribute was only due to him after the generous declaration about us.

"Give me a light," he said, sticking the cigar into a hole in the extreme corner of his mouth, a position which fanatical smokers are fond of.

I drew out my bundle of matches with triumph. "I have half a boxful in my pocket," I said. "It never does to be without them." And I rubbed one on my boot-heel. It missed fire. I tried another. It missed also. I tied a third. It missed again.

"What are you about?" he said, testily. "You're very awkward; I thought any fool could strike a match—"

"My boot is damp," I said, nervously. "I'll try the wall here." I did so, and failed with three more in succession.

He now lost all patience. "You are a more stupid fellow than I took you for. Here, give 'em to me." He tried himself, but in vain: they all failed one after the other. I felt my heart sinking.

"The damp must have got at them," I faltered, trying again.

"I hate delays," he said in a passion; "It spoils my smoke. Are you a noodle?"

"Why, cried Jessie, who had been looking at one of them closely, "they are safety matches! They light only upon the box."

Old Foxberry flung his cigar over the wall in a fury. He gave me one look and walked away to the carriage. I rushed in despair to the coachman and the footman.

"For Heaven's sake, a match! Twenty dollars for one," I whispered hoarsely.

"Lord bless the man!" said the former, starting, "what d'ye mean?"

"A match, a match! Quick, a common Lucifer match!"

"I ought to have one," he said, feeling his waistcoat-pocket. "Wait—no—yes—there is one, I do believe."

He pulled out one—saved! It was as precious as a gem, that little splinter of wood. Alas! with fraying in his pocket the top had all worn off. It was no good struggling with fate. I bowed my head and submitted. All the way back he never opened his lips. When he got out he complained of being ill, and said to his housekeeper, "That blackguard had done it purposely, in hopes of killing me; but I'll be even with him." The next day he altered his will.

"Now," added Bob, "admit that I have reason to loathe the sight of safety matches that light only on the box."

### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MADAME RISTORI has purchased a palace in Milan.

AN attempt has been made to assassinate Christian IX., King of Denmark.

TENNYSON's physicians are of opinion that the poet-laureate is in danger of losing the use of his eyes.

MRS. KIRKPATRICK, who died at New Brunswick recently, left \$150,000 to Princeton College and \$30,000 to Rutgers.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been elected to succeed Charles Dickens as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

GLADSTONE is reported to be in straitened financial circumstances, occasioned by his liberal mode of entertaining.

THE sole survivor of Lamartine's family is said to be his niece, an aged woman, now living in Macon, France, in entirely destitute circumstances.

INGOI ARONORI MORI is the *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Japanese Government at Washington, accompanying the last arrival of Japanese notabilities.

GROMOFF, a wealthy lumber merchant of St. Petersburg, died two years ago, leaving thirty million roubles to his heirs, who have since spent it all.

PROFESSOR R. F. HUMISTON, of Cleveland, O., has been made Fellow of the Royal Geological Society, and Fellow of the Royal Chemical Society, of London.

BARRY GRAY has in the press of Hurd & Houghton, of this city, a new volume, entitled "Castles in the Air, and other Phantasies." It will be published early in April.

HOYLE gave lessons in whist a hundred and twenty years ago for a guinea a lesson, and sold his manuscript rules of the game for the same price. This was before the publication of his famous book.

THE Rev. Dr. Saunders of Philadelphia has generously given \$100,000 toward the founding of a hospital to which patients shall be admitted without regard to creed or color.

BARON LIEBIG, in his sixty-eighth year, has resumed his lectures on chemistry, in the University of Munich. His mastery of science has realized to him a comfortable fortune.

THE Rothschilds are said to have lost from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 by the result of the Franco-German war. They all believed at first that the French would be victorious.

HORACE HOWE has recorded a deed giving in trust nearly \$2,000,000 worth of real estate in San Francisco and San Mateo Counties, for the foundation of the Mount Eagle University.

PARSON BROWNLOW, though scarcely able to walk, or to speak loud enough to be heard, is the most punctual and regular in his attendance upon the Senate of all his fellow-members.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has at last surrendered all hope of restoration to the throne of Spain, has purchased a fine residence in Vienna, and intends to make that city her permanent residence.

THOMAS HUGHES is President of the Anglo-American Association, lately organized in London, for the unprejudiced discussion of international differences of opinion, whatever they may be.

BARON JOSEPH EOTVOS, one of Hungary's most remarkable men, and particularly eminent in the dramatic literature of his country, died in Pesth, February 2d, holding the portfolio of Minister of Justice and Instruction.

GENERAL UHRICH, the heroic defender of Strasburg, is disgraced with *La Grande Nation* and the ingratitude it has shown him, and contemplates taking up his abode in Basel, Switzerland, where he has many admirers.

DR. JOSEPH W. PALMER, whose connection with the Boston press extended further back than that of any person now living, and who had been connected with the *Daily Advertiser* for over forty years, died recently, aged seventy-five.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS is mentioned as a fit person to represent the Territory (late District) of Columbia in Congress. The voters of the Territory would honor themselves in the election of a man who, though born a slave, has achieved a position of power and influence.

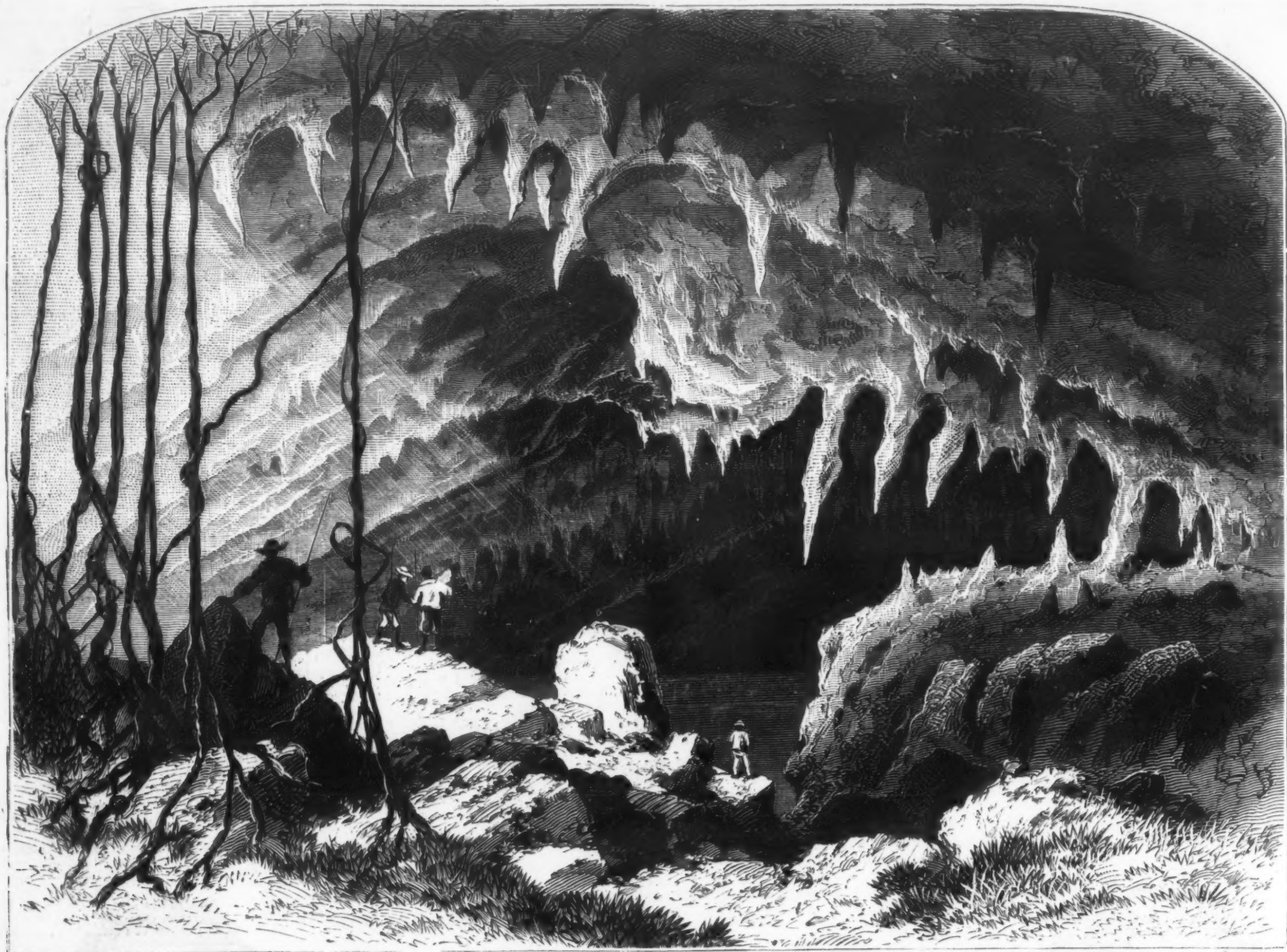
THEY have discovered in some remote corner of Massachusetts a lineal descendant of Henry Dunster, the first President of Harvard College. The friends of Harvard propose the gratuitous education at that institution of the little son of Mr. Dunster, who is also named Henry, as an appreciative testimonial of the services of his ancestor.

THE friends of the late Bishop Kemper propose to erect an enduring memorial to him by endowing and placing on a permanent basis Kemper Hall, in Kenosha, Wis. This is an establishment for the education of girls as teachers, with especial reference to providing gratuitous education to the daughters of Episcopal clergymen of limited means.

MR. HEYWARD, an English banker, while rebuilding the large house at Ellery, near Windermere, has renovated the old cottage in which Prof. Wilson spent a considerable portion of his early married life, and where two of his eldest children were born. The overshadowing tree associated with the cottage, and under which was the favorite "Professor's chair," has also been carefully preserved by the new proprietor of the estate.

THE London *Echo* relates that when General Faidherbe, the Commander of the French Army of the North, was Governor of the Colony of Senegal, he was greatly harassed by the continual attacks of one of the African chiefs, whom he at last reduced to subjection, and compelled to give hostages for his future tranquillity. The chief, as a proof of his faith, gave up his son and his daughter. The general, touched by this mark of confidence, treated his captives with every attention, and provided for them the best education that the colony afforded; and when, on leaving Senegal, the son was returned to his father, the young African accompanied the general as his wife. Mme. Faidherbe is both witty and graceful, and quite capable of holding her own in her husband's society.





THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—THE GREAT WATER CAVE NEAR SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.

#### SCENES IN AND AROUND SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

Among the relics and curiosities of the vicinity of Santo Domingo City, are the Columbus Spring and the Great Water Cave. The former is situated half a mile above the city, on the west bank of the Ozama River. It is the only pure spring in that neighborhood, and the captains of vessels touching at the city send their small-boats, with a quantity of barrels, to obtain a supply of drinking-water for their next trip.

The "Water Cave" is three miles east of the city, and is nearly two hundred feet in length. The view from the entrance is very grand. Beautiful specimens of stalactite and stalagmite formations are seen attached to the rocks, while at the mouth are strong vines of a single stem, which have insinuated themselves through the crevices in the dome, and grown until they reached the ground, when they have taken root, forming a network, through which our artist forced his way to the miniature lake. This sheet of water is oval in shape, and about one hundred yards across. Descending into the cave, he, with an exploring party, passed the lake by swimming, and reached a sloping, shrub-covered hill, eighty or ninety feet high, which forms the wall of the cave. The scene was picturesque in the extreme, and amply repaid the explorers for the trouble experienced in its examination.

#### RECEPTION OF COL. McMICHAEL BY THE PHILADELPHIA LEAGUE.

A STRONGLY favorable argument on the annexation of Santo Domingo has been made by Colonel William McMichael, of the Philadelphia *North American*, a voyager with the Commission in the *Tennessee*, returned by the *Tybee*. The occasion was that of a complimentary dinner, tendered to Colonel McMichael on March 4th by the Philadelphia Union League Club in their banquet-hall. Colonel McMichael had been expressly invited by President Grant to accompany the Commissioners in their ship, and his earlier return and confidential position give his published views importance as the first semi-official expression of the leanings of the President's messengers. The Colonel, on being introduced by Colonel Henry K. Bingham, made some remarks, in the course of which he observed:

"Admitting a difference of opinion upon the general question, we all want information on the following points, on which I am satisfied, after the full and penetrating investigation to which this affair has been subjected by the officials and correspondents:

"First—No United States Government official is interested in any way in any lands, mines, contracts, bonds, or property of any kind whatever in the Republic of Santo Domingo.

"Second—Soil is at least as fertile as Cuba. The mines are rich but undeveloped.

"Third—The people are intelligent, although uneducated. They have no slavery to unite them for freedom.

"Fourth—While we were there, the weather was a mild edition of the American autumn. The hardest working and best informed man we met is an American, who has been there some years, and never been sick.

"Fifth—The Bay of Samana is worth two million dollars, which would pay off the debt, leaving the public land over. Say this is one-fourth of the republic, or 3,520,000 acres (the whole area being 22,000 square miles), and averaging it at fifty cents an acre, the new concern would start with a clear capital of one million six hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

The population is now 120,000. By the time it doubles, land will not be so cheap."

#### HENRY D. COOKE.

HENRY D. COOKE, chosen Governor of the District of Columbia, is a member of the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., the eminent bankers, and President of the First National Bank of Washington. He was born in Sandusky, O., November 23d, 1825, his father being one of the original settlers of that portion of the State, and for many years a most prominent citizen and lawyer. At the age of fifteen Mr. Cooke entered Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., and after remaining there two years, completed his collegiate course at Transylvania University, Kentucky, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Mr. Cooke, after graduating, entered the law office of his brother, Pitt Cooke, of the firm of Beecher & Cooke. He continued his legal studies in the city of Philadelphia, and while there he was a frequent contributor to the literary journals and magazines of the day.

In 1846-7 Mr. Cooke's health being somewhat impaired, he accepted a position in the consular office of his brother-in-law, the Hon. William G. Morehead, then United States Consul, under the administration of President Polk, at Valparaiso, Chile. While abroad he gathered facts and statistics tending to show the value and feasibility of running a line of steamships directly from New York to San Francisco, and these made such an impression on President Polk, that he called the attention of Congress to the matter in an annual message. Two years later the line was in successful operation.

In the summer of 1847 Mr. Cooke visited California in charge of a ship laden with supplies for the United States Army and with general merchandise, and during the two or three succeeding years he devoted himself entirely to commercial pursuits, being engaged in trading between San Francisco and South American ports.

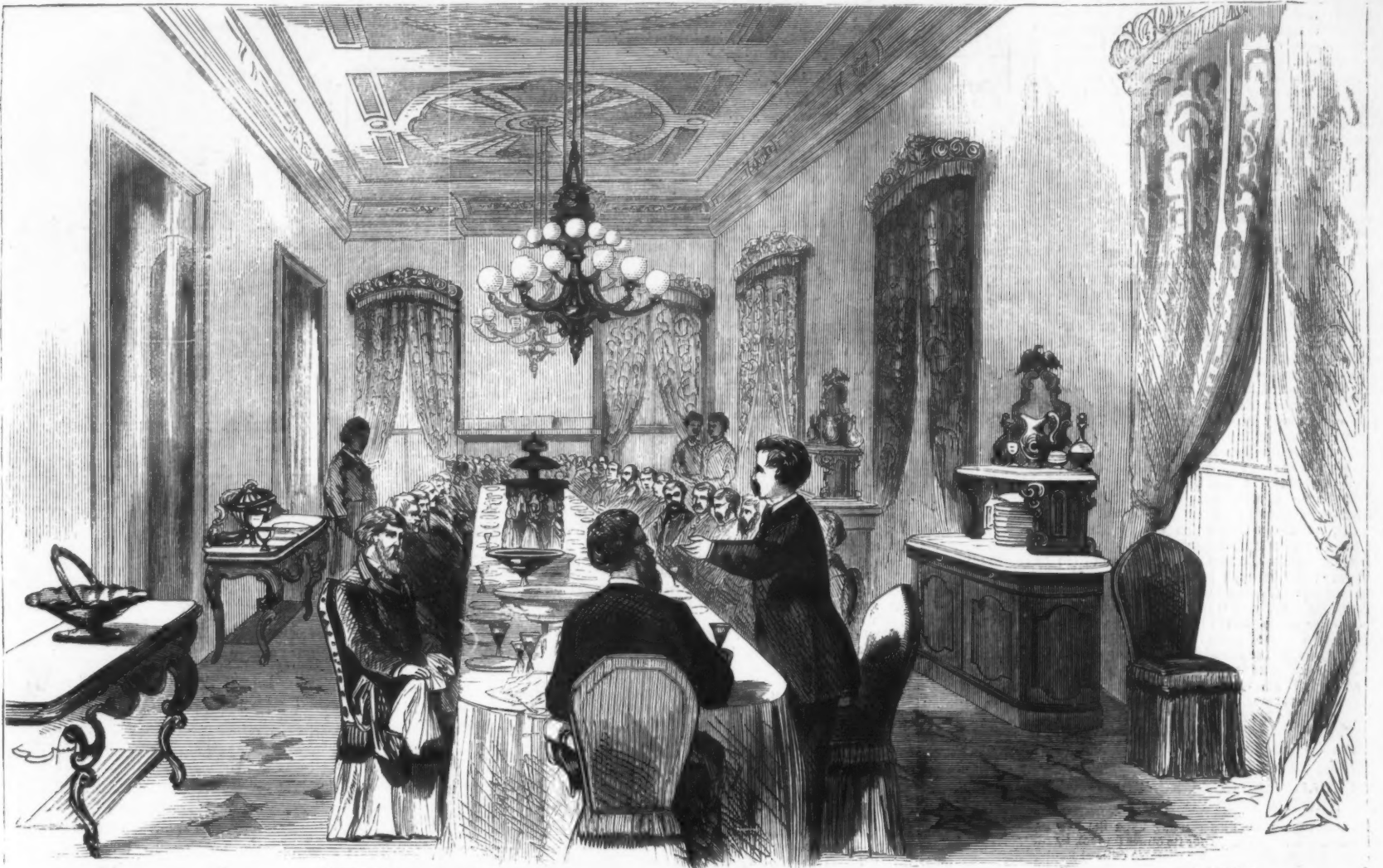
In commercial enterprises Mr. Cooke was very prosperous, and toward the close of 1849 he returned to the Atlantic States, and married in Utica, N. Y., the daughter of Dr. Erasmus Humphreys, an eminent physician of that city. Mr. Cooke's entire means were swept away by losses occasioned by the terrible fires that occurred in San Francisco, and incidental business relations with other sufferers. He then established himself in Philadelphia as a journalist, and shortly after removed to Sandusky, O., where he wrote strongly in favor of increased railroad facilities. In 1861 he became a member of the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., of which his brother was the senior member, and took charge of the banking-house of that firm in the city of Washington.

In the summer of 1864 Mr. Cooke went abroad. Whilst in Europe he visited the dif-



HENRY D. COOKE, ESQ., RECENTLY CHOSEN GOVERNOR OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.





THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—REPORT ON THE LABORS OF THE COMMISSION, MADE BY COLONEL WILLIAM MCMICHAEL AT THE COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET GIVEN HIM BY THE PHILADELPHIA UNION LEAGUE, MARCH 4TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE LATE MR. T. W. ROBERTSON, AUTHOR OF THE PLAY OF "OURS," AND OTHER DRAMAS.

ferent financial centres, and was successful in his efforts to enlist the services of bankers and capitalists in the loans of the United States.

From this epoch in the active and useful career of Henry D. Cooke, up to the present time, all the residents of the District of Columbia are perfectly familiar.

In his religious sentiments Mr. Cooke is a devoted Episcopalian. Grace Church, Georgetown, Rev. J. Eastman Brown, Rector, was built and presented for free use by Mr. Cooke.

To Mr. Cooke the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington are mainly indebted for their elegant building on Ninth and D streets, whose beautiful and imposing architecture will long be a pride of the National Capital.

#### THE LATE T. W. ROBERTSON.

MR. T. W. ROBERTSON, the well-known dramatist, died at his residence, near London, on the 3d of February last, in the forty-third year of his age. Of entirely theatrical parentage, his first acquaintance with the stage began at a very early period. His earliest contribution to the stage was a two-act drama, entitled "A Night's Adventure," brought out at the Olympic Theatre, London, in 1851.

For the last eleven years he has maintained a prominent position as a dramatic author, and merits attention as having furnished for histrionic talent a number of natural characters,

and much elegant dialogue, frequently marked with many felicities of diction.

His best-known works are "Society," "Ours," "Caste," "School," and "M. P." His last work, a comedy on "War," was brought out at the St. James's Theatre, and withdrawn the night of the author's death.

#### THE LATE BISHOP ANDREW, OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

THE Rev. James Osgood Andrew, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died at Mobile, March 2d. Bishop Andrew was born in Elbert County, Ga., in 1793, and was, therefore, seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death. He led an exceedingly active life—his first sermon having been preached in 1811, and his last in New Orleans on Sunday, February 19th, ult., and he was esteemed to be a man of great learning and intellectual vigor. He was made the direct cause of the schism and final separation of the Methodist Church, North and South; and his name will thus always retain historical celebrity apart from any reputation attaching to his attainments and services.

At the General Conference in New York in 1844, Bishop Andrew, who had married a lady

possessing slaves, was requested for that reason by a large number of members to resign.

He did not do so, and subsequently an act was passed by a majority of the Conference, requiring him to desist from the exercise of his Episcopal functions. Upon this the representatives of thirteen annual Conferences embraced in the slaveholding States, presented a declaration setting forth their solemn belief that a continuance of the jurisdiction of the General Conference over the annual Conferences thus represented would be inconsistent with the success of the Methodist ministry in the slaveholding States. Subsequently the General Conference considered a plan of separation. This contemplated an amicable adjustment of boundaries, and a fair division of property. Disagreements, however, arose, the South alleging that the North wanted all the property. Suit was, however, brought in the United States Courts by the Southern Branch to enforce a division of the property of the General Book Concern, previously held in common. The Court sustained the action, and thus the split was made effectual and irrevocable.

It is a satisfaction to reflect that Bishop Andrew lived long enough to see what was the occasion of both religious and civil hostility swept away, and to resume in every sense



THE LATE JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW, SENIOR BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

those relations of amity over which slavery had cast such a cloud

#### A CROCODILE.

THE Lake of Peten, in Central America, has no outlet to the sea. It occupies the centre of a territorial basin, of which that of the Great Salt Lake affords us an example. Its fishes are peculiar, and among its reedy shores is found a new and distinct species of crocodile, to which the scientific world has given the name of "C. Morelet." A graphic account of this creature is given by the Chevalier Morelet, in his "Travels in Central America," just published by Leopoldt & Holt, in the translation of Mrs. M. F. Squier:

"One morning a crocodile was brought to me alive; it was three yards in length, and had been captured in the lake. The fishermen had caught it with a hook baited with the heart of a bullock. I had it fastened, by the line with which it had been caught, at a reasonable and safe distance from my hammock. During the day it gave great signs of irritation, springing forward suddenly to the full extent of the cord which confined it, then sinking back with its jaws wide open in a state of perfect quiet. Toward evening I administered to him a strong dose of arsenical soap, and hoped to find him dead in the morning, when I proposed to prepare him skillfully so as to prevent decomposition, which



THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—COLUMBUS SPRING, NEAR SANTO DOMINGO CITY, THE RESERVOIR FROM WHICH SHIPS PUTTING INTO THAT PORT ARE SUPPLIED.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.



takes place rapidly under the tropics. The agonies occasioned by the poison I had administered redoubled his fury; writhing in all directions, and giving out strangely agonizing sounds, for a long time he prevented us from sleeping. Morin, however, finally dozed off, and after a while I succeeded in following his example, but my sleep was early interrupted by a strange, hoarse noise close to my bed, accompanied by a suffocating, musky odor. I started up in my hammock, and hastily struck a match, by the dim and fitful light of which I discovered that the horrible reptile had broken from his fastenings and had taken up a position directly under my hammock.

"By a sudden and desperate effort, for I was still feeble from illness, I managed to clamber up to the cross-beams of the house, from which my hammock was suspended, whence I shouted vigorously to Morin. As usual, he slept soundly, and was not a little startled on hearing a voice from aloft. During the day I had been despondent, and had talked of death, and he had gone to sleep full of the gloomiest forebodings. His first impression on waking therefore, was, that he heard the call of a departed spirit on its way to the clouds. But I soon convinced him of my actual existence, and that I was only temporarily sojourning on high. Reassured, he leaped up, and seizing a hatchet, which was close at hand, moved resolutely across the room, and opened the solitary window of our apartment, admitting a faint flush of light, by the aid of which we ascertained the position of our unhappy monster. He was entirely motionless, except when now and then he opened his bronzed jaws, and gave out a cry of agony. My position was by no means a comfortable one, and I felt greatly relieved when, after some difficulty, Morin succeeded in getting a noose around the neck of the expiring reptile, by means of which we suspended him to the cross-beam on which I was perched. He struggled but little, for the poison had nearly done its work, and in an hour he was dead. I carried his skin to Paris, where it was stuffed, and he now figures in all his native ugliness in the museum of that city."

#### THE COAL-FIELDS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND VIRGINIA COMPARED.

THE coal area naturally depending upon the New River and Kanawha Valleys for its outlet (in fact, by its contour inaccessible by other passable outlets) embraces a territory of over six thousand square miles, the extent of which is more readily comprehended when the fact is stated that it is quite equal in superficial extent to the whole productive coal area of Great Britain, from which is now mined over one hundred million tons per annum.

The great variety and fine quality of the coal of the middle sections of this field are well known and frequently attested.

The fine fatty bituminous, the splint, and the cannel are the principal varieties. The work "Coal, Iron, and Oil," by Daddow & Bannan, edition of 1866, page 340, speaking of this location and its coal says: "Coal River, Elk River, and Gauley diverge from the Great Kanawha, and spread their branches over one of the richest and most magnificent coal regions in the world, and bring down their wealth to one common centre on the Great Kanawha. The coals of this region generally are better, purer, and more available for all the requirements of trade and manufacture than the coal from any other portion of the Alleghany coal-field. The seams of coal are more numerous and their thickness greater than in any other portion of this coal-field; it can be mined cheaper and with more economy generally, under the same rates of labor, than in any other region in this country, without exception."

There is no region in the world where less physical labor will prepare a mine for delivery of coal at the drift's mouth.

This will be made clearer by a comparison of the position of coal here and in Great Britain in this respect.

In Great Britain, and in fact in almost all of the European coal-fields, the coal is deep below the water-level. To reach the seams requires the expenditure of years of labor and vast sums of money in sinking shafts or pits, and in erecting pumping and hoisting machinery, to be maintained and renewed at heavy annual expense. It is authoritatively stated, that the cost of sinking shafts in the Newcastle region of England to the depth of one thousand feet, has been, in many instances, one thousand dollars per yard. In the great northern coal-field of Great Britain, producing twenty million tons per annum, there are two hundred pits or shafts, costing in first outlay, for sinking and machinery, fifty millions of dollars, to which must be added the necessary expense of constructing and maintaining proper air-courses and their accessories requisite to the safety of the employes.

There is now invested simply in pits and machinery for pumping and hoisting the one hundred million tons produced in Great Britain, two hundred million dollars, and this vast sum is destined to utter destruction in serving the purpose for which it was used.

These pits and machinery being constructed, they involve a certain amount of labor for every ton of coal got, in addition to their cost and renewal.

Now, in this great Virginia coal-field, crossed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, nature has already sunk all the necessary pits and shafts, which need neither repair, renewal, or labor to work them. The laws of gravity have provided the most perfect, permanent, and costless pumping machinery; and the most perfect ventilation of the mines and safety of the employes, instead of requiring scientific knowledge and anxious thought, is simply a matter of the most ordinary care, the almost perfect freedom from noxious gases being the natural result of the position of the coal strata.

No wonder the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher wants every one who is ruptured to call on Dr. Sherman.

"INTERESTING TO THE RUPTURED.  
"In another part of this paper we publish a communication concerning Dr. Sherman and his system of treating hernia, as it was handed in by the writer, who is well known to us to be a responsible and reliable citizen, whose only interest seems to be the good of his fellow-man. We advise those interested to read his statement, for the truth of which we vouch."

The above coming from M. M. Pomeroy, editor of the *Weekly Democrat*, removes any doubt as to the

efficacy of Dr. Sherman's method of treating rupture. Trusses, it is said, mortify the ruptured, keep them in constant suffering and danger, and rather tend to aggravate than cure rupture. The following is the communication to which Mr. Pomeroy alludes:

#### RUPTURE AND ITS CURE!

To the Editor of the *Democrat*:

From my earliest recollection I was a victim to that most dispiriting affliction, rupture—consequently, trusses. I might say, a slave bound in iron, for a person under subjection of rupture and truss is truly a slave, perpetually sighing for freedom from both.

Yes, with the incessant danger from one, and the continual afflictions from the other, I looked into the future of life with little satisfaction. In the pursuit of my business I was often required to exert myself, which I did, with great peril and discomfort. I sought relief from various trusses and doctors, but to be as frequently disappointed, until, by a resolution of my own, I consulted Dr. Sherman, of 697 Broadway, this city. I say by a will of my own, because I first went to see my family physician, and he done all he could to discourage me, saying I could not be cured—I had been ruptured too long; that he knew nothing about Dr. Sherman and his method of cure—believed it was all humbug. Many of my friends had the same impression, taking the old theory, once ruptured, never cured. But my interest was greater than theirs. I felt something could be done, though I had often been disappointed and discouraged. I was the sufferer from rupture on both sides, and knew they could not realize my condition. I had repeatedly seen statements of others that had been cured by Dr. Sherman's system, and I believed them. Hence, I consulted him, felt encouraged, had the application made for cure, from which moment I experienced a security and ability to labor which was truly gratifying, and strengthened my confidence as I progressed in the treatment, until my brightest hopes were realized in the confirmation of a complete restoration.

Having tested the reality of this cure for more than a year, I feel as though I would be doing my duty toward others having this affliction by making this statement. There are, doubtless, thousands in this city who can be as perfectly restored by adopting the same means. I believe with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, that "Dr. Sherman's success in this specialty should be heralded throughout the land." Any one wishing to see me in person can obtain my address by applying at the office of *Pomeroy's Democrat*.

R. P. J.

In a late issue of this paper (that dated March 4th), a regrettable type-error occurred, by which the reported profit of a most worthy investment suffered in our recital. Owing to defective printing in Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co.'s circular, sent us as the basis of our announcement—a figure 8 resembling a 3—we declared that \$1,100 invested in Northern Pacific 7-30's would yield annually \$30.30, gold. It should have been \$30.30, gold. The corrected announcement is this, in full:

"\$1,100 currency invested now in United States 5-20's will yield per year in gold, say \$62. \$1,100, currency, invested now in Northern Pacific 7-30's will yield per year, in gold, \$30.30. Here is a difference in annual income of nearly one-third, besides a difference of 7 to 10 per cent. in principal, when both classes of bonds are redeemed."

It is a great mistake to suppose that the cause of rheumatism, neuralgia or gout exists where the pain is experienced. The source of these diseases is generally *area* in the blood, and it is one of the special properties of DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS to neutralize this deposit, while it renovates the relaxed kidneys and thus prevents them from permitting a portion of their secretion to escape through improper channels. Torpidity of the stomach has also much to do with the vitiation of the blood, and upon this organ the Bitters act directly as a stimulant and invigorant.

**WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.**—We shall be pleased to send our Descriptive Price List of Genuine Waltham Watches, together with an illustrated pamphlet, entitled "A History of Watchmaking," to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write, mention that you saw this notice in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. HOWARD & CO., 365 Broadway, N. Y.

BOSTONIANS and visitors to Boston know well how rapidly the business of Messrs. A. Williams & Co., of No. 135 Washington Street, Boston, has been increasing, in the way of news and magazine vending; under the skillful management, combined with the personal popularity of the head of the firm, the store is the favorite headquarters of the whole-sale and retail periodical trade for New England. The firm have just associated with them Mr. Charles L. Durrell, erst of 100 Washington Street, and the whole large business in retail periodical-selling will be concentrated at the aforesaid "Old Corner," junction of School and Washington Streets.

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THE machines manufactured by the Davis Sewing Machine Co., of Watertown, N. Y., are highly recommended by those who have used them. They are strong, neatly constructed, can be operated by a child, and are not liable to get out of order. The Company have lately increased their facilities for supplying the demands for their popular machines, and in view of their high merit we call attention to the advertisement of the Company in this number.

On March 6th, the town of Groton Junction, Mass., was reinaugurated under the name of Ayer—a name all of whose associations are those of balm and healing, in connection with the world-famous remedies prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell. The doctor's speech recurring to the poetic Scotch memories of the name, to the fame of the Ayrshire bard, and to the mission of beneficence it is his own privilege to fill, was listened to with great satisfaction.

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To meet a growing demand for *The Methodist*, we have made arrangements by which the American News Company will act as our exclusive agents for supplying *News-dealers*, so that hereafter the paper may be found at the news-stands.

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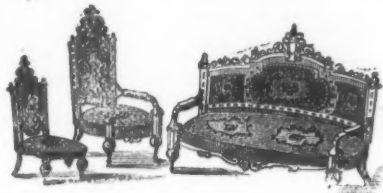
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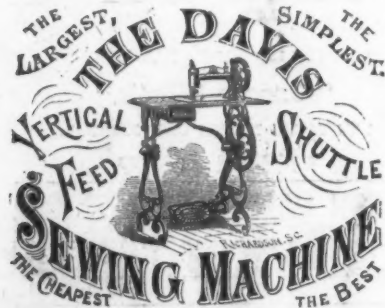
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